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Edited by

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MAJOR, INDIAN STAFF CORPS.

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NOTES ON TUL'SI DAS.

BY G. A. GRIERSON, I.C.S.

(*Concluded from p. 236.*)

8. The **Kabitta Râmâyan, or Kabittâbali.** The history of Râma in the *kavitta, ghanâk-shari, chhappai* and *sawaiyâ* metres. It is devoted to the contemplation of the majestic side of Râma's character.[1] Paṇḍit Sudhâkar Dvivêdî informs me that the poem has been enlarged in later times by the addition to the last *kâṇḍ* of occasional verses written by Tul'sî Dâs in *kavitta* metres. That Tul'sî Dâs did write occasional verses, like other poets of his time, is to be expected, and they have been collected and arranged in appropriate groups by admirers of the poet. Such are *K. Râm., Ut.*, 132 ff., in praise of the *Jânakî-vaṭa*, or peepul tree at the site of Vâlmîki's hermitage, which still exists on the banks of the Ganges, and is an object of worship to the present day. So also, *Ut.* 94-96, addressed to the Kâliyuga, *Ut.*, 170 and ff., lamenting over the insults offered by the Musalmâns to Banâras, and *Ut.*, 174, which is said to have been uttered by him when at the point of death. Other collections of similar verses, frequently found appended to the *Kabitta Rámáyan* are the *Râm-stuti, Uddhav-gôpikâ-sambâd, Hanumândi-stuti, Jánaki-stuti, Sankar-batisi*, and the *Hanumân bâhuk* (written when the poet was suffering from a severe sore in the arm).

In seven *kâṇḍs* or cantos, viz. :—

(1) The *Bâl-kâṇḍ*, Childhood. Commencing with Râma's childhood and ending with the breaking of Siva's bow. 22 stanzas (*pada*), mostly quatrains.

(2) The *Ayôdhyâ-kâṇḍ*, Ayôdhyâ. Describes the circumstances attending Râma's departure on exile. 28 stanzas.

(3) *Âraṇya-kâṇḍ*, the Forest. Describes the chase of the golden deer. One stanza.

(4) *Kishkindhâ-kâṇḍ*, the Adventures in Kishkindhya. A description of Hanumat's famous leap. One stanza.

(5) *Sundar-kâṇḍ*, the Beautiful. Sîtâ in the garden in Laṅkâ. Hanumat's adventures there. The conflagration of Laṅkâ. Hanumat bids farewell to Sîtâ, and returns to Râma. Thirty-two stanzas.

(6) *Laṅkâ-kâṇḍ*, Laṅkâ. The news of Râma's arrival in Ceylon. Trijaṭâ tells Sîtâ. Alarm of the citizens. The first battle, Aṅgada's challenge. Vibhîshaṇa's remonstrance. Mandôdarî's remonstrance. The battle resumed. Hanumat's journey for the *saṅjîvani* root. The final victory. Fifty-eight stanzas.

(7) *Uttar-kâṇḍ*, the Sequel. Verses in adoration of Râma. Miscellanea. One hundred and seventy-seven stanzas.

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[1] The commentators say that there are three ways of looking at Râma (*tîni bhânti lîlâ*), viz., the tender side of his character (*mâdhurya*), the majestic side of his character (*aiśvarya*), and the complex (*miśrita*) in which tenderness and majesty are combined. There are four ways of singing his praises, as a *mâgadha* or panegyrist, a *vandin* or bard, a *sûta* or historical poet, and an *arthin* or suppliant. A work in which the complex view of Râma's character, together with his glory and his power, is celebrated is called a *charita*, and should be sung by a *sûta* (also called a *pauranika*,) an historical poet. His tenderness should be sung by a *mâgadha*, and his majesty by a *vandin*; while entreaties addressed to him should be sung by an *arthin*. Tul'sî Dâs first composed the *Râma-charita-mânasa*, dealing with the complex side of Râma's character, as a *sûta*. Then, to encourage the faithful with a true idea of Râma's power, he illustrated his majesty in the *Kabittâbali*, assuming the *rôle* of a *vandin*. Then to strengthen the love of the worshipper, he dwelt on Râma's tenderness in the *Gîtâbali*, taking the *rôle* of a *mâgadha*. Finally becoming an *arthin*, a suppliant, he wrote the *Binay pattrikâ*. Paṇḍit Sudhâkar Dvivêdî gives me the following *ślôka* :—

sûtâḥ paurâṇikâḥ prôktâ, mâgadhâ vaṁśaśaṁsakâḥ |
vandinas tv amala-prajñâḥ prastâva-sadṛiśôktayaḥ ||

from which we gather that a *sûta* is a reader of ancient histories, a *mâgadha* praises the king's family, and a *vandin* is expert in complying with his demand for a fine poem.

The following are examples of this work. *K. Rám.* I.

Metre. *Sawaiyá.*

Awadhêsa kê dâre sakâre gaî suta gôda kai bhûpati lai nikasê |
Abalôki haun sôcha bimôchana kô ṭhagi sî rahi, jê na ṭhagê dhika sê |
Tulasî mana-rañjana rañjita añjana naina sukhañjana-jâtuka sê |
Sajanî, sasi meñ sama sîla ubhai nava nîla sarôruha sê bikasê || 1 ||

(One townswoman of Ayôdhyâ says to another) "I went at dawn to the portal of the Lord of Awadha (Daśaratha), as, son in arms, the king issued from the palace. As I gazed upon the babe, the releaser from sorrow, I stopped like one enchanted,—yea, shame on all who were not enchanted at the sight. (O! Tul'sî), His eyes darkened with heart-rejoicing henna were like young *khañjanas.*[2] My dear, 'twas just as though two dark lotuses had bloomed, noble in character, upon the fair moon (of his countenance)."

We may note that the first word of the first line is said by the commentators to set the whole keynote of the poem. *Awadhêsa,* the Lord of Awadh, (*îśa=îśvara*), indicates that the subject of the poem is majesty (*aiśvarya*).

The next example (V, 14. 15) describes how Hanumat, with his flaming tail sets fire to Laṅkâ. It is a good example of Tul'sî Dâs's power over words, with which he makes the sound an echo of the sense.

Metre. *Kavitta.*

Hâṭa-bâṭa kôṭa-ôṭa aṭani agâra pauri khôri khôri dauri dauri dînhî ati âgi hai |
Ârata pukârata, saṅbhârata na kôu kâhû, byâkula jahâṅ sô tahâṅ lôya chalyau bhâgi hai ||
Bâladhî phirâwai, bâra bâra jhaharâwai, jharai bûndiyâ sî, laṅka paghilâi pâgi pâgi hai |
Tulasî, bilôki akulânî jâtudhânî kahai chitra hâṅ kê kapi sô niśâchara na lâgi hai || 14 ||
Lâgi lâgi âgi, bhâgi bhâgi chalê jahâṅ tahâṅ, dhîya kô na mâya, bâpa pûta na saṅbhârahîṅ |
Chhûṭê bâra, basana ughârê, dhûma dhundha andha, kahai bârê bûḍhê bâri bâra bârahîṅ ||
Haya hihinâta, bhâgê jâta, ghaharâta gaja, bhaṛî bhîra ḍhîli pôli rauṅdi khauṅdi ḍârahîṅ |
Nâma lai chilâta bilalâta akulâta ati tâta tâta tauṅsiyata jhauṅsiyata jhârahîṅ || 15 ||

In the market-gulleys, on the bulwarks of the citadel, on the balconies, on the palaces, on the gateways, running along from lane to lane, Hanumat sets alight a mighty conflagration. In terror the people scream. One fails to help another, every one is in confusion, and every one only tries to run away from where he finds himself. The monkey brandishes his (blazing) tail: he jerks it from door to door; sparks fall from it like rain drops, and Laṅkâ, as it were, ripens and melts into syrup. (O Tul'sî) the distraught Râkshasa women cry out as they look at him:—'not even in a picture hath such a monkey been seen by the night-prowlers'?[3] (14)

'Fire! Fire! Fire!' They flee, they run hither and thither for their lives. Mother knows not her own daughter. Father helps not his own son. Girls with their hair dishevelled, nay, their very garments torn open, blind in the darkness of the smoke, children, old men, cry and cry again for 'water, water!' The horses neigh, the elephants trumpet, as they break from their stalls. In the vast mob men shove and trample one another, one crushing another as he falls beneath his feet. Calling each others' names, children screech, lamenting, distraught, crying 'my father, my father, I am being scorched, I am being burnt alive in the flames.' (15)

[2] The *khañjana* is a very quickly darting bird, to which eyes are frequently compared. [3] i.e. Râkshasas

9. The **Gît Râmâyan** or **Gîtâvalî**. The history of Râma, in various song-metres. Devoted to the tender side (*mâdhurya*) of Râma's character.[4] In seven *kâṇḍs*, or cantos, viz.

(1) *Bâl-kâṇḍ.* Childhood. A gospel of the infant Râma. The birth of Râma and his brothers. Rejoicings thereon. The delight and affection of the queen-mothers (7), and of Daśaratha in and for their infant children. The blessing of Vaśishṭha (13). The mothers' affection. They rock the babes to sleep. Description of the beauty of the infants. They grow older and crawl about the court of the palace (26). Râma's beauty at this age. They play in the courtyard and lisp their first words. Their first lessons in walking. The wakening of Râma, at dawn, by his mother (36). The boys run out to play. The admiration of the town folk. They play on the banks of the Sarayu (46). (The first half of the canto ends here. Forty-six songs).

Viśvâmitra comes to Ayôdhyâ. His welcome. He asks for Râma and Lakshmaṇa to relieve the hermits from the Râkshasas. They start off with him. Description of their charming appearance. Their delight and wonder at the novelties they see on the way. The slaughter of the Râkshasas. Rejoicing of the hermits. The salvation of Ahalyâ (57). They set out for Janakapura. Their reception there: admiration of the citizens. The two princes introduced to Janaka. They reach the scene of the bow-sacrifice. The appearance of the princes The crowd assembles to see the sight. The townsfolk talk. The grandeur of the assembly. Arrival of Sîtâ in state (84). The proclamation of the conditions. The other competitor kings fail even to move the bow. Râma, at Viśvâmitra's instance, breaks the bow (90). Rejoicings thereat. Rage of the defeated kings. Delight of the townsfolk (99).

Kauśalyâ's lamentations in Râma's absence from Ayôdhyâ. The other queens comfort her. Arrival of news from Janakapura. Rejoicings in Ayôdhyâ. The marriage procession starts and arrives at Janakapura (100). The wedding. Description of the beauty of Râma and Sîtâ. Of Lakshmaṇa and Urmilâ. The townsfolk talk of Râma. His reception at Ayôdhyâ by his mother. Altogether 110 songs (*pada*) to various melodies.

(2) *Ayôdhyâ-kâṇḍ.* Ayôdhyâ. Daśaratha determines to make Râma *yuvarâja*. Kaikêyî, under Mantharâ's influence, gets Bharata made *yuvarâja*, and has Râma sent to exile (1). Lamentations of Kauśalyâ and Daśaratha. They entreat Râma to stop, but unavailingly. Sîtâ makes ready to go with Râma. He remonstrates. She insists. The townsfolk lament that Sîtâ is going (11). Lakshmaṇa also insists on going. They start (12). Sîtâ washes Râma's feet when he is weary with the road. Their pilgrimage (14). The comments of the people along the way, on their appearance. Of the village people (15-30). Their hardships. Comments of people on the road (31-41). The comments of the forest women (*kirâtinî*) in Chitrakûṭa. The pilgrims settle there. Their life. The forest and all nature gain new beauties (42-50). At Ayôdhyâ, the lamentations of Kauśalyâ (51-55). Return of the charioteer Sumantra. Daśaratha addresses him, laments, and dies (56-59). Bharata reproaches Kaikêyî (60, 61). He speaks humbly to Kauśalyâ. Her reply (62-64). He refuses to be made king, and sets out for Chitrakûṭa (65). Lamentations of the parrots, &c., in Râma's house (66-67). Bharata's journey to Chitrakûṭa. He meets Râma, and entreats him to return Râma refuses (68-72). Bharata asks for Lakshmaṇa at least to return, and to let him go instead with Râma. This he also refuses. He takes Râma's shoes home with him, to set them on the throne. He himself lives in humble guise at Nandigrâma (73-79). Praise of Bharata (80-82). Kauśalyâ's lamentations (80-87). The talk of the townsfolk (88, 89). Total eighty-nine songs (*pada*).

(3) *Araṇya-kâṇḍ.* The Forest. The pilgrims in the forest. Râma as a hunter. The leaf hut in Pañchavaṭî (1-5). The golden deer. The circumstances of its death. The approach of Râvaṇa disguised as the mendicant devotee. The rape of Sîtâ. The conflict with Jaṭâyu (6 8); return of Râma and Lakshmaṇa to the hermitage. The search for Sîtâ. They find Jaṭâyu. He tells them of the rape (9-16). The meeting with the Savarî (17). Altogether 17 songs (*pada*).

[4] See note on the *Kabittâvalî*.

(4) *Kishkindhâ-kaṇḍ.* The Adventures in Kishkindhya. Sugrîva shows Râma the bracelets dropped by Sîtâ. When the rainy season is over the monkeys and bears go off to search for Sîtâ. In all two songs (*pada*).

(5) *Sundar-kâṇḍ.* The Beautiful. The monkeys and bears set out to search for Sîtâ. The meeting with Sampâti. Hanumat leaps over the sea. Searches for Sîtâ in Laṅkâ, and finds her (1). The meeting. Hanumat gives her Râma's ring (2). She addresses the ring (3, 4). Conversation between Hanumat and Sîtâ (5-11). Hanumat addresses Râvaṇa (12, 13). After having burnt Laṅkâ, Hanumat addresses Sîtâ and departs (14, 15). Lakshmaṇa tells Râma of the arrival of Hanumat. Hanumat arrives and tells his own story (16-20). Râma's reception of the news. They set out for Laṅkâ, build the Sêtubandha and cross the sea (21, 22). Râvaṇa receives news of the approach of Râma's army. Mandôdarî advises him to submit. Also Vibhîshaṇa. Râvaṇa spurns him. He deserts to Râma and his reception (23-46). Sîtâ awaiting Râma's arrival. She talks with Trijaṭâ (47-51). Altogether 51 songs (*pada*).

(6) *Laṅkâ-kâṇḍ.* Laṅkâ. Mandôdarî remonstrates with Râvaṇa (1). Aṅgada's challenge (2, 3). Lakshmaṇa's wound. Hanumat brings the magic root, visiting Ayôdhyâ on his way. His conversation with Bharata. Lakshmaṇa recovers (4-15). After conquering the Râkshasas (all description of the battle omitted) Râma brings the slain monkeys and bears to life (1). The period of Râma's banishment elapsed. Kauśalyâ expecting Râma at Ayôdhyâ. Good omens Rejoicing in the city at the news of Râma's approach. The arrival of Râma (18-23). In all twenty-three songs (*pada*).

(7) *Uttar-kâṇḍ.* The Sequel. The majestic (*aiśvarya*) sway of Râma, after his return (1). The tenderness (*mâdhurya*) of his rule. The music when he wakes in the morning (2). He bathes in the Sarayû (3-5). Râma on his throne (6-8). His love, &c. (9-12). His might. Praise of his personal appearance (13-17). The swing festival in the rainy season (18). Praise of Ayôdhyâ (19). Its illumination (20). Its inhabitants (21). The Hôlî festival (22). The prosperity of the city (23). Râma's justice. The affair of the Washerman. The banishment of Sîtâ (24-32). Sîtâ's life in Vâlmîki's hermitage. Birth of Lava and Kuśa. Their growth (33-36). Râma's life in Ayôdhyâ after Sîtâ's banishment (37). Praise of Râma (38). In all thirty-eight songs (*pada*).

The following is an example of this poem. *Gît.* I. 32.

Râg Kânharâ

Lalita sutahi lâlati sachu pâyêṅ |
Kausalyâ kala kanaka ajira mahaṅ sikhawata chalana aṅguriyâṅ lâyêṅ || 1 ||
Kaṭi kinkinî painyanî pâinjani bâjati runu jhunu madhura rengâyêṅ |
Pahuṅchî karani kaṇṭha kaṇṭhulâ banyau kêhari-nakha mani-jarita jaráyêṅ || 2 ||
Pîta punîta bichitra jhaṅguliyâ sôhati syâma sarîra sohâyêṅ |
Datiyâ dvai dvai manôhara mukha-chhabi aruna adhara chita lêta chorâyêṅ || 3 ||
Chibuka kapôla nâsikâ sundara bhâla tilaka masi bindu banâyêṅ |
Râjata nayana mañju aṅjana-juta khaṅjana kañja mîna madu nâyêṅ || 4 ||
Laṭakana châru bhṛikuṭiyâ têḍhî mêḍhî subhaga sudêsa subhâyêṅ |
Kilaki kilaki nâchata chuṭaki suni ḍarapati janani chhuṭukayeṅ || 5 ||
Giri ghuṭuruani ṭêki uṭhi anujani tôtari bôlata pûpa dekhâyêṅ |
Bâla-kêli abalôki mâlu saba mudita magana ânanda anamâyêṅ || 6 ||
Dêkhata nabha ghana ôṭa charita muni jôga samâdhi birati bisaráyêṅ |
Tulasi Dâsa jê rasik na yehi rasa tê nara jaḍa jivata jaga jâyêṅ || 7 ||

Full of happiness Kauśalyâ caresses her darling boy. She lets him cling to her finger as she teaches him to walk in the fair golden palace court (1). *Runu jhunu, runu jhunu,* sweetly tinkles the bell-girdle on his waist, sweetly tinkle the anklet-bells on his feet, as she helps him along. On his wrists are bracelets, and round his throat a jewelled necklet studded with (evil-

fending) tiger's claws (2). A spotless saffron-coloured little silken coat adorns him, while it itself looks charming on his dark limbs. His sweet face is a picture, with two little teeth above and below, peeping out behind his cherry lips, and stealing away the hearts of all (3). Lovely is his chin, his cheek, his nose. On his forehead, like a caste mark is a drop of ink (to ward off the evil eye). His bright eyes, henna-darkened, shine, putting to shame the *khañjana*, the lotus, and the (glancing silver) fish (4). On his bow-shaped brow hang dainty curls, and over them hair-plaits of enhancing charm. As he hears his mother snap her fingers, he crows and springs with delight, and when he lets go her finger from his hand she is filled with dismay (5). He tumbles down, and pulls himself up upon his knees, and babbles (with joy) to his brothers when his mother shows him a piece of cake, and she, as she looks at all his pretty baby ways, is drowned in love, and cannot bear her joy (6). The saints in heaven gaze at his pranks from behind the clouds, and forget all their austerities. Saith Tul'sî Dâs, the man who loveth not this sweetness, hath no soul, and his life in this world is in vain (10).

10. The **Kṛishṇa Gîtabalî**. A collection of songs in honour of Kṛishṇa. In the Braj, or rather the Kanaujî, dialect. A collection of 61 songs (*pada*). The first portion deals with Kṛishṇa's babyhood and boyish pranks in Gôkula, and the latter portion with the lamentations of the herd-maidens during his visit to Mathurâ. The style is quite different from that of Tul'sî Dâs's other works, and many scholars deny its authenticity. I have only seen two lithographed editions of the text, and no commentary. The following is an example. It describes how Kṛishṇa held up Mount Gôvardhana. *Kṛishṇa Gîtâbalî*. 18.

Râg Malâr

Bṛija para ghana ghamaṇḍa kari âyê |
Ati apamâna bichâri ápanô, kôpi surêsa paṭhâyê ||
Damakati dusaha dasa hu disi dâmini, bhayô tama gagana gaṁbhîra |
Garajata ghôra vâridhara dhâvata prêrita prabala samîra ||
Bâra bâra pabi-pâta upala ghana barakhata bûṁda bisâla |
Sîta-sabhîta pukârata ârata gôsuta gôpî gwâla ||
Râkhahu Râma Kânha ehi abasara dusaha dasâ bhai âi |
Nanda birôdha kiyô surapati sauṁ sô tumharô bala pâi ||
Suni hañsi uṭhyau Nanda kô nâharu liyô kara kudhara uṭhâi |
Tulasi Dâsa, Maghavâ apanê sauṁ kari gayô garba gaṇuâi ||

On Vraja the storm clouds have arrogantly come, for the king of the Gods (Indra) considering himself insulted has sent them. Lightning, irresistible, flashes all around; in the heaven hath been born a profound darkness. Fierce rain clouds roar and rush, impelled by a mighty wind. Again and again fall thunderbolts, and the raindrops of the clouds are huge hailstones. Terrified at the cold, the cowboys, the cow-maidens, and the cowherds scream aloud, 'Protect us, O Balarâma and Kṛishṇa. Our lot is now more than we can bear. Nanda has contended with the Lord of the Gods, trusting in your power.' When Nanda's tiger heard these words, he rose up smiling, and lifted up the mountain (of Gôvardhana) with his hand.[5] Saith Tul'sî Dâs, Maghavân (Indra) thus, by his own action, humbled his own pride.

11. The **Binay Pattrikâ**. The Book of Petitions. In this the poet writes in the character of a suppliant (*arthin*).[6] There is an interesting legend as to the way the book came to be written. Tul'sî Dâs first, as a *paurâṇika*, wrote the *Râm Charit Mânas*, in which he dwelt on the complex side of Râma's character and on his glory, might and prowess. Then, as a *vandin*, to establish the hearts of those who sought the Lord, he wrote the *Kabittâbalî* dealing with Râma's majesty. Then, to increase love in the worshippers of the Lord, he wrote as a *mâyadhu*, the *Gîtâbalî*. Subsequently to all this, a murderer one day came on a pilgrimage crying, 'For the love of

[5] Using it as an umbrella to shelter the distracted cowherds.
[6] See footnote 1 to the account of the *Kabittâbalî*.

the Lord Râma, cast alms to me, a murderer.' Tul'sî, hearing the well-beloved name, called him to his house, gave him sacred food which had been offered to the God, declared him purified, and sang praises to his beloved deity. The Brâhmans of Banâras held an assembly, and sent for the poet, asking how this murderer's sin was absolved, and how he had eaten with him. Tul'sî replied, 'Read ye your Scriptures. Their truth hath not entered yet into your hearts. Your intellects are not yet ripe, and they remove not the darkness from your souls.' They replied that they knew the power of the Name, as recorded in the Scriptures, 'but this man is a murderer. How can he obtain salvation?' Tul'sî asked them to mention some proof by which he might convince them, and they at length agreed that, if the sacred bull of Śiva would eat from the murderer's hand, they would confess that they were wrong, and that Tul'sî Dâs was right. The man was taken to the temple and the bull at once ate out of his hand. **Thus did Tul'sî teach that the repentance of even the greatest sinner is accepted by the Lord.** This miracle had the effect of converting thousands of men and making them lead holy lives. The result enraged the Kaliyuga[7] (the present age of sin personified), who came to the poet and threatened him, saying, 'Thou hast become a stumbling block in my kingdom of wickedness. I will straightway devour thee, unless thou promise to stop this increase of piety.' Full of terror, Tul'sî Dâs confided all this to Hanumat, who consoled him, telling him he was blameless and advising him to become a complainant in the court of the Lord himself. Write a *binay-pattrikâ*, a petition of complaint, and I will get an order passed on it by the master, and will be empowered to punish the Kaliyuga. Without such an order I cannot do so, for he is the king of the present age. According to this advice the poet wrote the *Binay Pattrikâ*.

The book is in the form of a series of hymns, adapted to singing, and addressed to the Lord, as a king in a court. According to earthly custom, the first hymns, or petitions, are addressed to the lower gods,—the door-keepers, ushers, and courtiers as it were, of heaven, and then the remainder of the book is devoted to humble petitions to the Lord Râma himself. Thus,—He first addresses Ganêśa (the door keeper) (1), then the Sun-god (2), Śiva (3—10), Bhairava (Śiva, the protector of Banâras) (11), Śaṁkara (12), Śiva (13), Śiva and Pârvatî in one (14), Pârvatî (15, 16), the Ganges (17—20), the Yamunâ (21), the Kshêtra-pâla of Banâras (22), Chitrakûṭa (23, 24), Hanumat (25—36), Lakshmaṇa (37, 38), Bharata (39), Satrughna (40), Sîta (41—43). With the 44th hymn the petitions to Râma begin, and are continued to the 277th. In the 278th the poet addresses the whole court, and the 279th, and last, hymn records the successful result of his petitions.[8]

The following are specimens of this work:—

Bin. 149.

Kahâṅ jâuṅ, kâ sauṅ kahauṅ, aura ṭhaura na mêrê |
Janma gaṅwâyô têrê-i dvârê kinkara têrê || 1 ||
Maiṅ tau bigârî, nâtha, sô svâratha kê l.nhê |
Tohi kripâ-nidhi kyauṅ banai mêrî sî k'nhê || 2 ||
Dina duradina, dina duradasâ, dina dukha dina dûkhana |
Jauṅ lauṅ tiṅ na bilôkihai Raghubansa-bibhûkhana || 3 ||
Dai piṭhi bina ḍ thi hauṅ, bisva-bilôchana |
Tô sôṅ tu - h ṅ, na dûsarô, nata-sôcha-bimôchana || 4 ||
Parâdhîna, dêva, d na hauṅ, svâdhna gosâṅ n |
Bôlanahârê sô karai, bali, binai ki jhâṅ.ṅ || 5 ||
Âpu dêkhi, mohiṅ dêkhiyê, jana jâniyê sâṅchô |
Baḍî ôṭa Râma nâma, kî jehiṅ lai sô bâṅchô || 6 ||
Rahani rîti Râma râvarî nita hiyê hulasî hai |
Jyauṅ bhâvai tyauṅ karu kripâla têrô Tulasi hai || 7 ||

[7] Kaliyuga, as a person, may practically be translated by 'the devil' of Christianity. [For Kaliyuga's doings when personified as a god in popular poetry, see *Legends of the Panjâb*, Vol. II. p 239 ff.—ED.]

[8] Some editions make 280, not 279 hymns.

In the preceding hymn, the poet has prayed to the Lord to look upon him, — he can do nothing of himself. He now continues, — "For whither can I go? to whom can I tell (my sorrows)? No other place have I. Have I not passed my life a slave at thy door, and thine only? True, often have I turned away from thee, and grasped the things of this world; but, O thou full of mercy, how can acts like mine be done by thee (that thou shouldst hide thy face from me)? O Glory of Raghu's race, till thou wilt look upon me, my days will be days of evil, my days will be calamity, my days will be woe, my days will be defilement. When I turned my back to thee, and (it was because) I had no eyes of faith to see thee where thou art; but thou art all-seeing (and canst therefore look upon me where'er I be). Thou alone, and no other, art like unto thyself; thou who dost relieve the sorrows of the humble. O God, I am not mine own; to some one must I be the humble slave, while thou art absolutely uncontrolled, and master of thy will. I am but a sacrifice (*bali*) offered unto thee; what petition can the reflection in the mirror make to the living being who is reflected therein.[9] First, look thou upon thyself (and remember thy mercy and thy might). Then cast thine eyes upon me; and claim me as thy true servant; for the name of the Lord is a sure protection, and he who taketh it is saved. Lord, thy conduct and thy ways[10] ever give joy unto my heart; Tul'si is thine alone, and, O God of mercy, do unto him as it seemeth good unto thee."

Bin. 195.

Bali jâuṅ hauṅ Râma Gosâṅîṅ |
Kîjai kripâ âpanî nâṅîṅ ||
Paramâratha - surapura - sâdhana, saba svâratha sukhada, bhalâî |
Kali sakôpa lôpî suchâli, nija kaṭhina kuchâli chalâî ||
Jahaṅ jahaṅ chita chitwata hita, tahaṅ nita nawa bikhâda adhikâî |
Ruchi bhâvati bhabhari bhâgahiṅ, samuhâi amita anabhâi ||
Âdhi magana mana, byâdhi bikala tana, bachana malîna jhuṭhâî |
Êtehuṅ para tumha sô Tulasi kî sakala sanêha sagâî || 95 ||

O Râma, my Holy one, I offer myself a sacrifice unto thee. Show thou grace unto me as thou art wont. The evil age hath in its wrath cut off every good way, the means of ultimate salvation, and the means of attaining to the lower heaven, yea, every earthly happiness, every goodness,—and hath brought into use its own, hard, evil way.

Wherever the soul looketh towards good, there ever it causeth new sorrows to increase.[11] Every pleasure that delighteth fleeth in terror, while all things that delight not, stand in front of a man, in unmeasured numbers. The soul is plunged in spiritual woe: the body is distracted by disease: man's very words are foul and false. And yet, (O Lord,) with thee doth Tul'sî Dâs hold the close kinship of perfect love.

12. **Râma-charita-mânasa**, the Lake of the Gests of Râma. Written in various metres. Most commonly eight pairs (frequently more) of *chaupâis* followed by one pair (sometimes more) of *dôhâs*, with other metres, in the more high-flown portions, interspersed. In seven *sôpâna*, or descents (into the lake), *viz.* :—

(1) Bâla kâṇḍa. (2) Ayôdhyâ kâṇḍa. (3) Âraṇya kâṇḍa. (4) Kishkindhya kâṇḍa.
(5) Sundara kâṇḍa. (6) Laṅkâ kâṇḍâ. (7) Uttara kâṇḍa.

This work, which is more usually called the *Mânas Râmâyan*, or the *Tul'sî-kṛit Râmâyan*, is, as already shown, largely quoted in the *Dôhâvalî*. The following references will show that

[9] The reflection of a man in a mirror is entirely dependent on the man who is reflected. It moves as he moves, and only acts as he wills. So man's soul, which is but a reflection of the universal Soul, is entirely dependent on the will (*prêraṇa*) of the latter for all his actions good and bad. Hence the poet asks that the Lord may will him to lead a holy life. He has no right to ask for it as a right, he can only ask for it as a favour.

[10] *Rahani âcharana (ujjvalatâ gurutâ dharmanîti âdi jis âcharan par âpu rahaṅ; tâ kô rahani kahî*, comm.). *Rîti vyavahâra (jis vyavahâra tê mantrî mitra sêvak prajâdi par vartaṅ.)*

[11] The commentator gives as an illustration, disease springing up at a holy festival. The late Hardwâr affair is an example in point

certain verses occur twice in the poem itself. Whether this is due to interpolations or not I cannot say. My references are all to Chhakkan Lâl's *Corpus*, and also to the new edition published by Bâbû Râm Dîn Siṅgh.

Râm. Bâ., Ch. 77, 2 = Râm. A., Ch. 212, 3 (Râm Dîn., 213, 3)

Sira dhari âyasu karia tumhârâ ।
Parama dharama yaha nâtha hamârâ ॥

Râm. Bâ., Ch. 73, 3, 4

Tapa-bala rachai prapañcha bidhâtâ ।
Tapa-bala Bishṇu sakala jaga-trâtâ ॥
Tapa-bala Sambhu karahiṅ saṅghârâ ।
Tapa-bala Sêkha dharai mahi-bhârâ ॥

Compare Râm. Bâ., Ch. 163, 23

Tapa-bala têṅ jaga sṛijai bidhâtâ ।
Tapa-bala Bishṇu bhaê paritrâtâ ॥
Tapa-bala Sambhu karahiṅ saṅghârâ ।
Tapa têṅ agama na kachhu sansârâ ॥

Râm. A., Ch. 89, 2 = Râm. A., Ch. 111, 7

Tê pitu mâtu kahahu, sakhi, kaisê ।
Jinha paṭhaê banu bâlaka aisê ॥

Ram A., Ch. 123, 1, 2 = Râm. Âr., Ch. 7, 2, 3 (Râm Dîn, 9, 2, 3)

Âgê Râma Lakhanu bane (puni) pâchhê
Tâpasa bêkha birâjata (banê ati) kâchhê
Ubhaya bîcha Siya sôhati kaisê
Brahma jîva bicha mâyâ jaisê.

Note that the last half line, 'as Mâyâ exists between Brahman and the soul,' shows that Tul'sî Dâs was not altogether in accord with Râmânuja, who altogether denied the existence of the Mâyâ postulated by Saṅkarâchârya. This will be dealt with subsequently.

Ram Sun., Ch. 23, 1

Râma charana-pankaja ura dharahû ।
Lankâ achala râju tumha karahû ॥

Râm. Lan., Ch. 1, 8

Râma charana-pankaja ura dharahû ।
Kautuka êka bhâlu kapi karahû ॥

The poem was commenced in the year 1574 A. D. in Ayôdhyâ, where the first three *sôpânas* were written. Thence he went to Banâras, where Tul'sî Dâs completed the work.[12]

I do not give any analysis of the contents of this excellent work. Mr. Growse's translation makes this unnecessary. I hesitate also to give any example of it. No specimen will give a fair idea of the poem's many beauties, and at the same time of its (to European taste) defects. It would be as unfair as to show a single pearl as a sample of the ocean with all its profundity and all its terrors. The *Râma-charita-mânasa* is the earliest known, and at the same time the greatest, of Tul'sî Dâs's works. But, though the earliest, it has none of the crudeness which we might expect in a poet's first attempt at song. Its metre is correct, though never monotonous; its language is appropriate without being affected, and the chain of thought, ever bound together by the one golden string of love and devotion to his master, is worthy of the greatest

[12] Râm. Ki., 80. 1. *mukti-janma mahi jâni*, &c. Here the poet for the first time in the poem praises Kâśî (Banâras), instead of Ayôdhyâ, and this passage is to be interpreted as above. The Bâla, Ayôdhyâ and Âraṇya Kâṇḍas were written at Ayôdhyâ, and the Kishkindhya, Sundara, Laṅkâ and Uttara Kâṇḍas, at Banâras.

poet of any age. In the specimens taken from his other works I have shown what power the poet had over language, and how full that language would be either of tenderness, or of soul-absorbing devotion to the Deity whom he adored, and if I now give an extract from the *Tul'si-kṛit Rámáyan* it is not as a specimen of the work, but to show Tul'sí Dás in his lighter, perhaps more artificial mood, in which, with neatness and brevity of expression worthy of Kálidása or of Horace, he paints the marvellous transformation of nature which accompanies the change from one Indian season to another. I allude to the well-known passage in the *Kishkindhya-kánḍ* which describes the rainy season, and the coming of autumn (Ch. 14 and ff). I follow Chhakkan Lál's text, as usual, in this paper.

A word as to the style. Tu'lsí Dás here adopts a series of balanced, antithetic sentences,—each line consisting of a statement of fact and of a simile,—the latter often of a religious nature. This method of writing closely resembles that adopted by Kálidása in portions of the first book of the Raghuvaṁśa, and still more that of the Book of Proverbs. Thus, — (Prov. xxvi, 7 and ff.

'The legs of the lame are not equal;
So is a parable in the mouth of fools.
As he that bindeth a stone in a sling;
So is he that giveth honour to a fool.
As a thorn goeth up into the hand of a drunkard;
So is a parable in the mouth of fools.

In the same style, Tul'sí Dás here says—

As the sheet lightning flickereth,
So is the short-lived love of the wicked.
As the clouds heavy with rain bow down to the earth,
So boweth (humbly) the wise man full of wisdom.
As the mountains heed not the assault of the raindrops,
So the holy man heedeth not the words of the wicked.

The translation given by me below will be found to be more full than the above, but it will be seen that, throughout, the text is built on this principle.

Chaupái.

Ghana ghamaṇḍa nabha garajata ghorá |
Priyá-hína mana ḍarapata morá ||
Dámini damaka raha na ghana máhiṅ |
Khala kai prîti jathá thiru náhiṅ ||
Barakhahiṅ jalada bhúmi niaráe |
Jathá nawahiṅ budha bidyá pá ||
Búnda aghâta sahahiṅ giri kaise |
Khala ke bachana santa saha jaise ||
Chhudra nadí bhari chalí torá |
Jasa thóra hu dhana khala itará ||
Bhúmi parata bhá ḍhábara pání |
Janu jívahi máyá lapaṭáne ||
Samiṭi samiṭi jala bharahiṅ talává |
Jimi sadaguna sajjana pahiṅ áwá ||
Saritá jala jala-nidhi mahuṅ áí |
Hói achala jimi jiva Hari pá ||

Dóhá.

Harita bhúmi trina sankula *samujhi parahiṅ nahiṅ pantha |*
Jimi pakhaṇḍa báda teṅ *gupta hóhiṅ sadagrantha || 14 ||*

Chaupâi.

Dûdura dhuni chahuṅ disâ suhâi।
Bêda paḍhahiṅ janu baṭu samudâî॥
Nava pallava bhae biṭapa anêkâ।
Sâdhaka mana jasa milê bibêkâ॥
Arka javâsa pâta binu bhayaû।
Jasa surâja khala udyama gayaû॥
Khôjata katahuṅ milai nahiṅ dhûrî।
Karai krôdha jimi dharamahi dûrî॥
Sasi-sampanna sôha mahi kaisî।
Upakâri kai sampati jaisî॥
Nisi tama ghana khadyôta birâjâ।
Janu dambhinha kar milâ samâjâ॥
Mahâbṛishṭi chali phûṭi kiârî।
Jimi sutantra bhaye bigarahiṅ nârî॥
Kṛishî nirâwahiṅ chaturâ kisânâ।
Jimi budha tajahiṅ môha mada mânâ॥
Dekhiyata chakrabâka khaga nâhû।
Kalihi pâi jimi dharma parâhṅ॥
Ûsara barakhai ṭṛina nahiṅ jâmâ।
Jimi Hari-jana-hiya upaja na kâmâ॥
Bibidha jantu-sankula mahi bkrâjâ।
Prajâ bâṛha jimi pâi surâjâ॥
Jahaṅ tahaṅ rahê pathika thaki nânâ।
Jimi indriya-gana upajê jñânâ॥

Dôhâ.

Kaba-huṅ prabala baha mâruta jahaṅ tahaṅ mêgha bilâhiṅ।
Jimi kapûta kê upajê kula saddharma nasâhiṅ॥
Kaba-huṅ dibasa mahuṅ nibiḍa tama kaba-huṅ ka prayaṭa patanga।
Binasaï upajaï jñâna jimi pâi ku-sanga su-sanga॥ 15॥

Chaupâi.

Barakhâ bigata sarada-ritu âî।
Lachkimana dêkhahu parama suhâî॥
Phûlê kâsa sakala mahi chhâî।
Janu barakhâ-kṛita pragaṭa budhâi॥
Udita Agasti pantha-jala sôkhâ।
Jimi lôbhahi sôkhaï santôkhâ॥
Saritâ sara nirmala jala sôhâ।
Santa hṛidaya jasa gata-mada-môhâ॥
Rasa rasa sûkha sarita sara pâni॥
Mamatâ-tyâga karahiṅ jimi jñânî॥
Jâni sarada ritu khañjana âê।
Pâi samaya jimi sukṛita suhâê॥
Panka na rênu, sôha ati dharanî॥
Nîti nipuna nṛipa kai jasi karanî॥
Jala-sankôcha bikala bhai mînâ॥
Abudha kuṭumbî jimi dhana-hinâ॥
Binu ghana nirmala sôha akâsâ।
Hari jana iba parihari saba âsâ॥
Kahuṅ kahuṅ bṛishṭi sâradî thôrî।
Kou cka pâwa bhagati jimi môrî॥

Dôhâ.

Chalê harakhi taji nagara nṛipa, tâpasa, banika, bhikhâri।
Jimi Hari-bhagatî pâi srama tajahiṅ âsramî chârî ॥ 16 ॥

Chaupâî.

Sukhî mîna jê nîra agâdhâ।
Jimi Hari-sarana na êkau bâdhâ ॥
Phûlê kamala, sôha sara kaisâ।
Nirguna Brahma saguna bhae jaisâ ॥
Guñjata madhukara mukhara anûpâ।
Sundara khaga raba nânâ rûpâ ॥
Chakrabâka mana dukha nisi pêkhî ॥
Jimi durjana para-sampati dêkhî ॥
Châtaka raṭata tṛikhâ ati ôhî।
Jimi sukha lahaï na Sankara-drôhî ॥
Saradâ tapa nisi sasi apaharaî।
Santa-darasa jimi pâtaka ṭaraî ॥
Dêkhi iudu chakôra samudâî।
Chitavahiṅ jimi Harî-jana Hari pâî ॥
Masaka dansa bîtê hima-trâsâ।
Jimi dwija-drôha kiê kula-nâsâ ॥

Dôhâ.

Bhûmi jîva sankula rahê gaê sarada-ritu pâi।
Sada-gurû milê jâhiṅ jimi sansaya bhrama samudâi ॥ 17 ॥

Râma addresses Lakshmaṇa, while they are waiting in the Kishkindhyâ forest for the rains to pass over, that they may start on their search for Sîtâ.

Chaupâî.—'The sky covered with arrogant rain-clouds fiercely roareth, while my heart is distraught, bereft of its darling. The sheet lightning flickereth amidst the heavy clouds, fitful as the short-lived love of the wicked. The heavy vapours pour forth rain, and hang close-bellied to the earth, like a wise man stooping 'neath his weight of wisdom. The mountains bear the never-ceasing assaults of the rain drops, standing proudly unconcerned; and even so the holy man heedeth not the words of the wicked. Each shallow streamlet, flooded to the brim, hasteneth eagerly on its way, like a vain fellow puffed up with a little wealth. The clear water which falleth on the earth is become mud (and hideth it from the sky), as the cares of this world envelop the soul (and hide it from its Creator). With here a drop and there a rill, the water filleth the lakes, like virtue entering a good man's heart; while the rushing rivers flow into the Ocean and find rest, even as the soul findeth rest in faith in God.

Dôhâ.—The grass groweth green and thick upon the ground, hiding the very paths so that they cannot be traced out; and even so the disputations of the unbelievers ever hide the true path of the scriptures.

Chaupâî. — The frogs shout lustily around, like a school of postulants reading holy books. Fresh shoots appear on bushes, as wisdom springeth in the hearts of the pious; and only the *arka* and *jawâs* trees lose their green leaves from the rainfall, as the schemes of the wicked fail under a righteous governor. Seek where thou wilt, thou wilt find no dust,—so when a man yieldeth to passion his piety departeth. Fair shineth the earth prosperous with its fields of corn, as fair as a charitable man blessed by prosperity; but in the dark nights the countless fire-flies are radiant, like unto hypocrites that have met their meet companion (the night of ignorance). The field banks (left uncared for) are burst and washed away by the heavy rain-storms, as a woman is ruined by being left to her own devices; but the wise and clever husbandman weedeth his crops, as the wise man weedeth his heart of delusion, passion, and pride. The Brâhmaṇî goose hath hidden itself, even as piety disappeareth in this age of sin;

and as on the barren land, for all the rain, not a blade of grass is seen, so lust is born not in the heart of a servant of the Lord. The earth is brilliant with swarms of manifold living creatures; so, under a good governor, do his subjects multiply. Here and there a wearied traveller sitteth to rest himself, as a man's senses rest when wisdom is born in him.

Dôhâ.—At times a mighty wind ariseth and hither and thither scattereth the clouds, as, with the birth of a disobedient son, a household's piety is destroyed. At one time, by day, here is a thick darkness, at another time the sun is visible; even so, true knowledge is destroyed or born, as a man consorteth with the vile or with the holy.

Chaupâi.—The rains are past, the Autumn-time is come; O Lakshmaṇa, see how fair the world appeareth. (The first sign that it cometh) is the white-bearded blossom of the tall thatch-grass, which hideth the earth as though declaring that the old age of the rains had come. Canopus shineth in the heavens, and the water which drowned the pathways is drying up, as desire drieth up when the True Content is achieved. The water glisteneth clear in the streams and lakes, like a holy man's heart from which passion and delusion have departed. Gently minisheth the depth of the streams and lakes, as the wise man gradually loseth his thoughts of self. The wagtail knoweth that the Autumn is arrived, and cometh forth from its hiding place, beautiful as a good work done in season. No mud is there, and yet no dust, fair shineth the world, yea, like unto the deeds of a lore-learned king: yet as the waters fall the fish are troubled, as a foolish spendthrift is perplexed when his possessions are wasted. The sky serene and pure, without a cloud, is like unto a servant of the Lord, who is free from all earthly desire; while now and then there fall a few drops of Autumn rain, — few, as the few, who place their faith in me.[13]

Dôhâ.—Joyfully issue forth from the cities, kings and eremites, merchants and beggars, even as the four orders of mankind desert all care when they find faith in the Lord.

Chaupâi.—Happy are the fish where the water is deep; and happy is he who findeth naught between him and the fathomless mercy of the Lord. The lotuses bloom, and the lakes take from them a charm, as the pure Spirit becometh lovely when it taketh material form.[14] The noisy bees hum busily, and birds of many kinds sing tuneful notes. The Brâhmaṇî goose alone is mournful when it seeth the night approach (which separateth it from its mate), as the evil man mourneth when he seeth the prosperity of another. The *châtak* waileth in its ever waxing thirst, even as an enemy of the deity never findeth peace. The moon by night consoleth for the heat of the autumn sun, as sin vanisheth at the sight of a holy man. The partridge-coveys gaze intent upon the moon, like pious men whose only thought is for the Lord. The gnat and the gadfly disappear in fear of winter, as surely as a house is destroyed which persecuteth Brahmaṇs.

Dôhâ.—The swarms of living creatures with which, in the rainy season, the earth was fulfilled, are gone. When they found the Autumn approaching, they departed. So, when a man findeth a holy spiritual guide, all doubts and errors vanish.

(3) Legends and Traditions.

In conclusion, it will be interesting to record such legends regarding the poet, as have not been already given in this paper. Some of these have been published before, but others are, I believe, new to English scholars.

I commence by giving some valuable facts communicated to me by Mahâmahôpadhyâya Sudhâkara Dvivêdî. **Some say that the poet was a Kânyakubja, and others that he was a Sarayûparîṇa-Brâhman.** Brâhmaṇs of the former clan condemn the receipt of presents, begging for alms, and the like; but Tul'sî Dâs in *Kabittâvalî*, Ut, 73, says distinctly, '*jâyó kula mahgana*, I was born in a family which begged,' and hence he must be considered to have been a Sarayûparîṇa. Tradition adds that he was a Dubê of the Parâśara *gôtra* of that clan. **The most trustworthy accounts state that he was born in Samvat 1589 (A. D. 1532),** so that he must

[13] Râma was of course an incarnation of the Lord.

[14] Here Tûl'sî Dâs certainly speaks both of a Nirguṇam and not of a Saguṇam, Brahman.

have been 42 years of age when he commenced writing the *Râmâyaṇa*, and this conclusion is borne out by the nature of the work, which is that of a mature intellect, — of a man who had lived.

In former days, before the British rule, children born at the end of the asterism Jyêshṭhâ, and at the beginning of that of Mûla, were said to be born in *Abhukta-mûla*. Such a child was considered to be of the worst possible nature, and destined to destroy his father. On this account he would usually be abandoned by his parents, or, at the best, if from natural affection they could not be so inhuman, they would not look upon its face for eight years. Thus, in the *Muhûrtta-chintâmaṇi* (composed about Tul'sî Dâs's time), it is written, '*jâtaṁ śiśuṁ tatra parityajêd vâ mukhaṁ pitâ 'syâ 'shṭasamâna paśyêt.*' In *the purâṇas*, Nârantaka is mentioned as having been born to Râvaṇa in *Abhukta-mûla*, and to have been abandoned in this way. He did not die, but grew up and had many children and grandchildren. At Nârada's instigation, Râvaṇa sent for them, and they were all killed in the conflict with Râma.

Tul'sî Dâs was one of those children born in Abhukta-mûla, and, when his parents abandoned him he must have been picked up by some wandering *sâdhu*, for no respectable householder would have had aught to do with such a child. He tells us himself in *Binay Pattrikâ*, 227, 2, '*janani janaka tajô janami, karama binu bidhi-hûṁ sirajyô abaḍêrê,*' 'My father and mother brought me into being and then abandoned me, and God himself created me without good fortune, and forsook me.' Compare, also, the whole passage above quoted from the *Kabittâbalî, Ut.*, 73. He must, as a boy, have lived and wandered over India with this *sâdhû*, and learnt from him and his companions the story of Râma, as he himself tells us.[15]

He was probably named Tulasî Dâsa by the sâdhu, according to a custom which these men have. When they desire to purify any person, they cause him to eat a *tulasî* leaf which has been dedicated to an image of Vishṇu. This was probably done in the unfortunate lad's case, and hence his name.

He is popularly supposed to have been a profound *paṇḍit*, but this is an evident error, as is shewn by his works. His Sanskṛit is full of mistakes, *e. g.*, in the introductory *ślôkas* to *Râm. Ut.*, he writes *kêkikaṇṭhâbhanîlaṁ* for *kêki*°, and *chintakasya manabhṛingasanginau* for °*manôbhṛinga*°, or in the *Rudrâshṭaka*,[16] *Rudrâshṭakam idaṁ prôktaṁ viprêṇa hara-tôshayê*, for °*tôshâya*.

According to tradition, his father's name was Âtmâ Râm Sukla Dûbê, and his mother's Hulasî. His real name was, as he tells us in *K. Râm. Ut.*, 94, Râm Bôlâ. His spiritual preceptor was named Narahari. His father-in-law's name was Dînabandhu Pâthak, his wife's Ratnâvalî, and his son's Târak.[17] **Various places claim the honour of his birth**, *viz.* Tarî in the Doâb, Hastinâpur, Hâjîpur near Chitrakût, and Râjâpur, in the district of Bâṇḍâ, on the banks of the Yamunâ. Of these, **Tarî appears to have the best claim.** In his youth, he studied at Sûkarakshêtra, the modern Sôrôn (*Râm. Ba.*, dô. 30). He married in his father's lifetime, and after the latter's death, he lived contentedly as a householder, and begat a son. As explained elsewhere, Tul'sî Dâs was a follower of the *viśishṭâdvaita* Vedantic teaching of Râmânuja, as modified by Râmânanda. It would be incorrect, however, to call him a strict adherent of that sect. I have previously pointed out that, in Ayôdhyâ he was a Smârta, not

[15] Râm. Bâ., dô. 30, 1 (*Maiṁ puni nija gura, &c.*) and the following *chaupâîs*. This passage also tells us that he learned the Râma-story from this *sâdhu*, or *guru*, as he called him, in Sanskrit, and why he determined to tell it in the vernacular (*bhâkhâ-baddha*, &c.)

[16] See remarks above on the *Kabittâbalî*.

[17] The following *dohâs* give the above particulars :—

Dûbê Âtamârâma hai	*pitâ-nâma jaga jâna* ‖
Mâtâ Hulasî kahata saba	*Tulasî kai suna kâna* ‖
(Pruha)lâda-udhârana nâma-kari	*guru kâ suni sâdhu* ‖
Prugata nâma nahi kahata jaga	*kahê hôta aparâdhu* ‖
Dînabandhu Pâṭhaka kahata	*sasura nâma saba kôi* ‖
Ratnâvalî tiya nâma hai	*suta Târaka gata hôi* ‖

The Guru's name cannot be plainly given without sin, but it is that form of Vishṇu which saved Prahlâda, *i.e.*, Narahari. From the last line it appears that the poet's son died at an early age.

The poet also mentions his Guru's name in a similarly disguised fashion in Râm. Bâ., sô. 1, 5 '*bandauṁ guru-pada-kañja kripâ-sindhu* NARA-*rûpa* HARI.' With regard to his mother's name, *vide, post.*

a Vairâgî Vaishṇava, and also worshipped Mahâdêva to some extent. In the *Rámáyan*[18] he himself states that he has followed many scriptures, and now and then he even alludes to the *nirviśêsha advaita* Vedantic teaching of Śaṅkarâchârya, with its *máyá* and its *nirguṇam Brahma*. A great friend of his was Madhu-sûdana Sarasvatî, who was a follower of the doctrine of Śaṅkarâchârya. As a whole, however, his teaching may be taken as that of the *viśishṭádvaita vêdânta*, with a liberality, leaning sometimes to approval of strange or more esoteric doctrines. I have obtained from Bâbâ Môhan Dâs Sâdhu the following genealogical table showing the line of succession of the teachers of the poet. It starts from Śrî-Mannârâyaṇa, who was twelfth in ascent of teachers before Râmânuja. I have no means of checking it, and give it for what it is worth, and with the warning that it is probably largely based upon unwritten tradition. Some of the names are interesting and well known. I give in a parallel column another list of names received from Paṭ'nâ, which differs in a few particulars, and the authority of which is unknown to me.

	Môhan Dâs's List.	Paṭ'nâ List.
1	Śrî Mannârâyaṇa ...	Not given.
2	Śrî Lakshmî	
3	Śrî Dharamuni ...	
4	Śrî Sônâpatimuni ...	
5	Śrî Kârisunumuni ...	
6	Śrî Sainyanâthamuni...	
7	Śrî Nâthamuni ..	
8	Śrî Puṇḍarîka... ...	
9	Śrî Râmamiśra ...	
10	Śrî Pârânkuśa... ...	
11	Śrî Yâmunâchârya ...	
12	ŚRI RÂMÂNUJASVÂMIN.	Śrî Râmânujasvâmin.
13	Śrî Śaṭakôpâchârya ...	Not given.
14	Śrî Kurêśâchârya ...	
15	Śrî Lôkâchârya ...	As in Môhan Dâs.
16	Śrî Parâśarâchârya ...	Ditto.
17	Śrî Vâkâchârya ...	Śrî Maghatîndrâchârya.
18	Śrî Lôkârya	As in Môhan Dâs.
19	Śrî Dêvâdhipâchârya ...	Ditto.
20	Śrî Śailêśâchârya ...	Ditto.
21	Śrî Purushôttamâchârya.	As in Môhan Dâs.
22	Śrî Gangâdharânanda..	Ditto.
23	Śrî Râmêśvarânanda...	Śrî Râmamiśra.
24	Śrî Dvârânanda ...	As in Môhan Dâs.
25	Śrî Dêvânanda ...	Ditto.
26	Śrî Śyâmânanda ...	Ditto.
27	Śrî Śrutânanda ...	Ditto.
28	Śrî Nityânanda ...	Ditto.
29	Śrî Pûrṇânanda ...	Ditto.
30	Śrî Haryânanda ...	Ditto.
31	Śrî Śrayyânanda ...	Not given.
32	Śrî Harivaryânanda ...	As in Môhan Dâs.
33	Śrî Râghavânanda ...	Ditto.
34	ŚRI RÂMÂNANDA[19] ...	Ditto.
35	Śrî Surasurânanda[20] ...	Ditto.
36	Śrî Mâdhavânanda ...	Ditto.
37	Śrî Garîbânanda ...	Śrî Garîbadâsajî.
38	Śrî Lakshmîdâsajî ...	As in Môhan Dâs.
39	Śrî Gôpâladâsajî ...	Ditto.
40	Śrî Naraharidâsajî ...	Ditto.
41	ŚRI TULASÎDÂSAJÎ ...	Ditto.

[18] *Bâ. ślô.* 7. *nânâ-purâna-nigamâgama-sammatam.*

[19] Wilson, *Religious Sects of the Hindûs*, gives a much shorter line of descent between Râmânuja and Râmânanda. On p. 35, *n.* 1, he concludes that Râmânuja was born about the end of the 11th century, and that the first half of the 12th century was the period at which his fame as teacher was established. On p. 47, he says "Râmânand is sometimes said to have been the immediate disciple of Râmânuja, but this appears to be an error." He adds that a more particular account gives the following succession :—

1 Râmânuja (No. 12 in above list)
2 Dêvânanda (No. 25)
3 Harinanda (? No. 32)
4 Râghavânanda (No. 33)
5 Râmânanda (No. 34)

which would place the last about the end of the 13th century. The *Bhaktamâlâ* omits No. 4 in the above list. Wilson, himself, doubts the accuracy of the list given by him, and believes that Râmânanda was not earlier than the end of the 14th or beginning of the 15th century, thus putting three centuries between the two masters.

[20] Wilson, l. c., p. 59.

His father-in-law, Dînabandhu, was devoted to the adoration of Râma, and his daughter, who had been married to Tul'sî Dâs in her girl-hood, but who, according to custom, lived with her family till she was grown up, became also imbued with the same faith, and, when holy men visited her father used to tend them, and entreat them hospitably. When she grew up she went to live with her husband, who became passionately devoted to her. After a son had been born, one day, Tul'sî Dâs came home, and discovered that his wife, without letting him know, had gone to her father's house. Full of anxiety he followed her there, and was received by her with the following *dôhâs*:—

Lâja na lâgata âpu kî dhaurô âyehu sâtha ।
Dhika dhika aisê prêma kî kahâ kahauṅ maiṅ nâtha ॥
Asthi-charma-mayâ dêha mama tâ môṅ jaisî prîti ।
Taisî jauṅ Śrî Râma mahaṅ hôta na tau bhava-bhîti ॥

'Are you not filled with shame, that you have pursued me here? Fie on such love. What can I say to you, my Lord? My body is but made of perishable bone and skin, and if such love as you have for it, had been but devoted to the holy Râma, the terrors of existence would not have existed for you.'

Immediately on hearing these words, Tul'sî Dâs became 'converted,' and set out again for his own home. His wife, who had by no means intended to produce so violent a reaction, followed, calling him back, and asking him to stay and eat, that she might return with him. But 'what could a fan do, in the face of a whirlwind?' Tul'sî Dâs from that moment became an ascetic and, abandoning house and home, wandered about as a 'released' worshipper of Râma. He made Ayôdhyâ, and subsequently Banâras, his head-quarters, from which he frequently visited such places as Mathurâ, Vṛindâvana, Kurukshêtra, Prayâga (Allahabad) and Purushôttamapurî.

After he had left his home, his wife wrote to him the following letter—

Kaṭi kî khîni kanaka sî rahata sakhina saṅga sôi ।
Môhi phaṭê kî ḍara nahîṅ anata kaṭê[21] ḍara hôi ॥

'Slender of loin am I, and, fair like gold, I dwell amid my girl-companions. I fear, not that my own (heart) may break, but that thou may perchance be captured by some other woman.'

To this Tul'sî Dâs replied—

Kaṭê êka Raghunâtha saṅga bâṅdhi jaṭâ sira-kêsa ।
Hama tô châkhâ prêma-rasa patnî kê upadêsa ॥

'Captured alone by Raghunâtha am I, with my locks bounded in matted curls. That is flavour of the love which I have tasted, taught by my own wife.'

On receiving this reply, his wife sent him her blessing, and praised him for the course he had adopted.

Years afterwards, when Tul'sî was an old man, he was returning from Chitrakûta, and, rapt in devotion he came to his father-in-law's village, and called at his house for hospitality, without recognizing it, or knowing where he was. His wife, who was now also very old, came out, according to custom, to tend the venerable guest, and asked him what he desired to eat. He replied, 'I will make a mess of pottage,' and so she prepared him an eating place (*chaukâ*) and brought him wood, rice, pease, vegetables, and clarified butter. Tul'sî Dâs, as is the custom of Smârta Vaishṇavas, began to cook his food with his own hands. After his wife had heard him speak once or twice she recognized him, and became full of joy that her husband had so manifestly become a devotee of Râma. She, however, did not disclose herself, but only said, 'Reverend sir, may I bring you some pepper?' He replied 'there is some in my wallet.' 'May

[21] *Kaṭnâ* = *phaṅs jânâ*.

I bring you some sour condiment?' 'There is some in my wallet.' 'May I bring you some camphor?' 'There is some in my wallet.' Then, without asking permission, she attempted to wash his feet; but he would not let her. After this she passed the whole night thinking to herself, 'How can I manage to stay with him, and to spend my time at once serving the Lord and my husband?' At one time she would wish to do so, and at another time she would remember that her husband had left her and become an ascetic, and that her company would only embarrass him. Finally she made up her mind that, as he carried about with him, in his bag, delicacies like pepper, sour condiments, and camphor, she as his wife, would be no impediment to him. Accordingly, at early dawn she invited Tul'sî to stay there, and worship. He refused, in spite of all her entreaties. He would not even stay to eat. Then she said 'Reverend sir, do you not know me?' He replied 'No.' 'Reverend sir, do you not know whose house this is?' 'No.' 'Do you not know what town this is?' 'No.' Then she told him who she was, and asked that she might be allowed to stay with him; to which he would in no way agree. She continued,[22] —

Khariyâ[23] *kharî kapûra lôn uchita na piya tiya tyâga* |
Kai khariyâ mohi mêli kai achala karau anurâga ||

'If there be in your wallet everything from chalk to camphor, you should not, my love, have abandoned your wife. Either take me also in your wallet, or else (abandon it) and devote yourself entirely to love for the Omnipotent (giving up all care for earthly things).'[24] Thereupon Tûl'sî Dâs departed, and gave away all the things in his wallet to Brâhmaṇs, and his wife's knowledge of things divine (*jñâna*) became fuller than before.

On one of his journeys, Tul'sî Dâs, after visiting Bhṛigurâśram,[25] Hânsanagar and Parasiyâ, being attracted by the devotion of Gambhîra Dêva, Râjâ of Gây Ghât, stayed there a short time, and thence went to Brahmapur[26] to visit the shrine of Brahmêśvaranâtha Mahâdêva. From Brahmapur he went to the village of Kânṭ.[27] There not only did he find no place, where he could get any food, but was distressed to see the people devoted to the manners and customs of female demons (Râkshasî). He went on his way, and met a cowherd (*ahîr, abhîra*) of Kânṭ, named Maṅgar or Maṅgarû, the son of Śanwarû Ahîr.[28] He had a cattle yard in the open plain, where he used to offer hospitality to holy men. With great humility, he invited Tul'sî Dâs thither and gave him some milk, which the poet boiled down into *khôâ*, and ate. He then asked Maṅgar to ask a boon, and the latter begged first that he might be endowed with perfect faith in the Lord, and secondly that his family, which was short lived, might be a long lived one. Tul'sî Dâs replied, 'If you and your family commit no thefts,[29] and avoid causing affliction to any person, your desire will be fulfilled.' It is now claimed that the blessing has been fulfilled. The story is still well known both in Baliyâ and Shâhâbâd districts. In 1889 A.D. the representative of his family was an old man named Bihârî Ahîr. Maṅgar's descendants have always been well known, ever since, for the ready hospitality they offer to holy men, and are said never to commit theft, though other Ahîrs of the same village have by no means so good a reputation.

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[22] This verse is *Dîhabalî* 255, with slight differences of reading.

[23] *Khariyâ* is the technical name for a Vaishṇava mendicant's wallet. It is made of *khôruâ* cloth, and carried on the shoulder.

[24] The meaning is that he keeps himself too well supplied with delicacies, to be a pure mendicant. He should be either a pure mendicant, or not at all.

[25] Bhṛigurâśrama (*sic*) is the chief town of the District of Baliyâ, opposite Shâhâbâd, and east of Banâras, in the N. W. P. Parasiyâ is in the same district. It is said to be the site of Paraśara's hermitage. So also Hânsanagar and Gây Ghât are in Baliyâ. The latter is no longer the seat of a Râjâ. The family of the Râjâ of Gây Ghât is now settled at Hal'dî in the same district. They are Kshattriyas of the Hayahô clan.

[26] Brahmapur is in the District of Shâhâbâd (Arrah). A *mêlâ* is held there at the festival of the Śivarâtri.

[27] Also in Shâhâbâd, about two miles east of Brahmapur. It is in fact commonly known as Kânṭ-Brahmapur.

[28] Two men of the same names are prominent figures in the well known folk song of Lôrik.

[29] Ahîrs are notorious thieves.

From Kâṅṭ, Tul'sî Dâs went on to Bêlâ Pataut where he met a Paṇḍit, a Śakadvîpî Brâhman, named Gobind Miśra, and a Kshattriya, named Raghunâth Singh. These received him with great hospitality. He complained that the name of the town, Bêlâ Pataut, was not a good one, and suggested its being changed to Raghunâth'pur, by which both Raghunâth Singh's name would be preserved, and also hundreds of thousands of men would be continually uttering a name of Râma, (*i. e.*, Raghunâtha) when speaking of it. This proposal was agreed to and the place is now known as Raghunâth'pur ; it is a station on the East Indian Railway, and is about two miles south of Brahmapur.[30] The *chaurá*, or place where Tul'sî Dâs used to sit, is still shown there. Another village in the neighbourhood is called Kaithî, where the principal man, Jôrâwar Singh, is said to have received the poet, and to have been initiated by him.

Tul'sî Dâs at first resided in Ayôdhyâ, as a Smârta Vaishṇava, and here the Lord Râma is said to have appeared to him in a dream, and to have commanded him to write a *Râmâyaṇa* in the vernacular language used by the common people. He commenced it in the year 1574 A.D. and had got as far as the end of the *Áraṇya-kâṇḍ*, when his differences with the Vairâgî Vaishṇavas, with whose regulations about food he could not comply, induced him to go to Banâras, where he completed the poem.

He settled in Banâras at Asî-ghâṭ, near the Lôlârka-kuṇḍ, and here he died in the year 1623 A.D. A *ghâṭ* on the Ganges near this place is still called the Tul'sî-ghâṭ. Close by is a temple in honour of Hanumân, said to have been built by the poet, as mentioned, when describing the legend as to manner in which the *Râmájñâ* came to be written.

It is said that, after he had finished his great poem, he was one day bathing at Maṇikarṇikâ-ghâṭ, when a *paṇḍit*, who was proud of his knowledge of Sanskṛit came up to him and said, 'Reverend sir, Your Honour is a learned Sanskṛit Paṇḍit. Why, therefore, did Your Honour compose an epic poem in the vulgar tongue.' Tul'sî Dâs replied ; 'My language in the vulgar tongue is imperfect, I admit, but it is better than the erotics[31] of you Sanskṛit-knowing gentlemen.' 'How is that ?' said the Paṇḍit. 'Because,' said Tul'sî,

Mani bhâjanu bikha pûraî pûrana amî nihâri |
Kâ chhâṇḍiya kâ sangrahiya kahahu bibêka bichâri || [32]

'If thou find a jewelled vessel full of poison, and an earthen cup (*pûrana=puravâ*) full of ambrosia, which wilt thou refuse, and which wilt thou accept ? Tell me this after thou hast considered the matter.'

Ghana Syâma Śukla[33] was a great Sanskṛit poet, but used to prefer to write poems in the vernacular. Some of the latter were on religious topics, and a paṇḍit reproached him for this, telling him to write for the future in the pure Sanskṛit language, and God would be pleased thereby. Ghana Syâma replied that he would ask Tul'sî Dâs, and do what he advised. He then laid the whole matter before the poet, who replied,—

Kâ bhâkhâ kâ saṁskṛita prêma châhiyê sâṁcha |
Kâma jo âwai kâmarî kâ lai karai kamâṁchâ || [34]

'Whether it be in the vulgar tongue, or whether it be in Sanskṛit, all that is necessary is true Love for the Lord. When a rough woollen blanket is wanted (to protect one in the storm), who takes out a silken vest ?'

It was the custom of Tul'sî Dâs to cross the river Asî every morning for purificatory purposes. On his way back, he used to throw the water, which remained unused in his *lôṭâ*,

[30] It was originally two villages, Bêla and Pataut, which have grown into one.

[31] *Nâyikâ-varṇana*. More literally, description of heroines.

[32] This is *Dôhâbalî* 351, with slight variations of reading.

[33] *Modern Vernacular Literature of Hindûstân*, § 92.

[34] *Dôhâbalî* 572, and Śat'saî VII. 125. The Kaliyuga is the time of *sturm und drang*, when the rough protection of the vernacular is wanted, and not the silken graces of Sanskṛit to teach people the right way. *Kâmdâr* explained as equivalent to *qamâsh* (Arabic) 'close texture,' hence as above.

upon a mango tree which grew there. A ghost (*prêtâ*) lived in that tree, and one day he appeared to the poet, thanked him for the daily draught of water, and told him to ask a boon. Tul'sî asked to be shown the Lord Râma with his attendants. The ghost replied, 'I have no power to show you Râma, but I can show you how to get to see him. In a certain temple the story of the *Râmâyaṇâ* is being recited. There you will find a very poor miserable looking man, who comes before every one else to hear the reading, and goes away last of all. That is Hanumân. Go to him privately, fall at his feet, and make known your petition to him. If he be willing, he will show you Râma.'[35] Tul'sî Dâs went home, bathed and worshipped, and then went and sat where the reading was to go on. Sure enough, as the ghost had said, a wretched looking man came first of all and stayed till the very end. When he went away, Tul'sî followed him, and when they got to a lonely place, fell at his feet, calling him Hanumân and making known his petition. Hanumân said: 'Go thou to Chitrakûṭa and there wilt thou be vouchsafed a sight of Râma Chandra.' With these words he disappeared.

Tul'sî Dâs started for Chitrakûṭa with his heart full of love and joy; stayed there a few days to visit the various holy places, and then, one day, took a walk outside the city, where all of a sudden he came upon a *Râm Lîlâ*, or dramatic representation of the history of Râma. The scene which was being acted was the Conquest of Laṅkâ, including the giving of the kingdom to Vibhîshaṇa, and the return to Ayôdhyâ. There were Râma, Lakshmaṇa, Sîtâ, Hanumân, and all their friends. When Tul'sî Dâs had finished looking on he turned to go home, and met a Brâhman, who was no other than Hanumân in disguise. 'Sir,' said Tul'sî Dâs, 'this is a very excellent *Râm Lîlâ*.' The Brahman said, 'Are you mad, talking of *Râm Lîlâs* at this time of year? Here they only take place in Âśvin and Kârtik (October and November). This is not the season for the *Râm Lîlâ*.' Tul'sî Dâs, feeling annoyed at the brusque answer which he received, replied, 'No, Sir, I have just seen one with my own eyes, come along, and I will show it to you.' He took the Brâhman back to the scene of the *Lîlâ*, but, when they got there, there was nothing visible. Tul'sî asked all the people about, 'Where is the *Râm Lîlâ* I saw just now going on here? Where have the actors gone to? Did not you see it?' Everyone said, 'Who would see a *Lîlâ* at this season?' Then Tul'sî remembered what Hanumân had said to him at Banâras, and recognized that what he had thought was a *Lîlâ* was really a vision of the actual heroes of the drama. Full of shame at not having recognized his Lord and done honour to him, he went home weeping, and refused to eat. At night, when he had gone to rest, Hanumân came to him in a dream, and said to him 'Tul'sî, regret not. In this Kali Yuga, even gods get no opportunity of seeing Râma. Blessed art thou among men, that he hath shown himself to thee. Now abandon sorrow, and adore him more.' Comforted by these words, the holy man returned to Banâras, and spent his days adoring his Master. It was on his way home on this occasion, that he met his wife as already recorded.

As Tul'sî Dâs was going home one dark night in Banâras, he was set upon by robbers, who rushed at him crying '*mâr, mâr*.' He did not attempt to protect himself, but stood his ground fearlessly, saying:—

Bâsara ḍhâsani kê ḍhakâ rajani chahuṅ disi chôrâ।
Dalata dayânidhi dêkhiyô kapi kʻsari kisôra॥[36]

[35] The ghost was a wicked man who had died under the tree just outside Banâras. He had thus not gone to Heaven, but had been saved, by propinquity to the holy place, from going to hell. He was accordingly settled in the mango tree. The story goes that after his interview with Tul'sî Dâs, he was allowed entrance into the city, and thereby obtained salvation.

[36] Compare *Dohâbalî* 289, in which the second half line runs,

'*Sankara nija pura rôkhiyô chitai sulôchana kôra*,'

'O Śiva, protect thine own city (Banâras), with a glance (*literally* margin) of thy propitious eye.' Śiva had three eyes; two were propitious, and the third turned to ashes him on whom its glance fell (*e. g.*, Kâmadêva. Cf. *Râm. Ba., ch.* 87, 6, *taba siwa tisara nayna ughârâ*). I am indebted to Pandit Sudhâkar Dvivêdî for this explanation of this difficult verse of which I have seen several attempted translations. The sixty-year cycle of Jupiter is divided into three periods of 20 years each, sacred to Brahmâ, to Vishṇu and to Śiva, respectively. The last score or '*Rudra-vîsî*,' commenced in Tul'sî Dâs's time about V. S. 1655 (1598 A. D.), just when the Musalmâns commenced to oppress

'By day, I am rudely thrust aside by scoffers; by night, robbers surround me. O Hanumân, thou monkey-prince, thou son of Kêsarin, gaze in compassion as they oppress me.'

Whereupon Hanumân appeared and so terrified the robbers that they fell to the ground in fear, and Tul'sî went on his way unmolested.

Another thief-legend is better known. A thief came by night to break into his house, but as he was about to enter, he was alarmed to see a mysterious watchman, armed with bow and arrow standing in his way. The thief retreated, to come again two or three times the same night, but always with the same result. The same thing happened for two nights more. On the morning of the third day, the thief approached Tul'sî Dâs and asked who the handsome dark-complexioned man was that was living in his house. Tul'sî asked him when he had seen him, and the thief confessed the whole affair. Then the poet recognized that the mysterious stranger could be no other than his master, Râma, and grieved that his possessing property should have given his Lord such trouble to guard it, distributed all he had to Brâhmaṇs, offering some to the thief also. The latter, overwhelmed with remorse, gave up his house and home, and became a follower of Tul'sî Dâs.

A mendicant of the Alakh[37] Sect came to Banâras, and every one gave him alms except Tul'sî Dâs. Annoyed at this he came to the poet's residence with his usual cry '*Alakh kahô, Alakh kô lakho,*' 'Tell of the Unseen. See the Unseen.' Tul'sî made no reply. Then the mendicant began to abuse him, but Tul'sî replied; 'Why do you abuse me, and call upon the Unseen? Call upon Râma,"—

Hama lakhu hama-hi hamâra lakhu, hama hamâra kê bîcha ।
Tulasî alakhahi kâ lakhahu Râma-nâma japu nîcha ॥

'Thou who art in the midst of "I" and of "mine," see (that which thou callest) "I" and (that which is) really "I." See (that which is really) "mine." Why dost thou endeavour to see the Unseen? Vile one, utter prayer in the name of Râma.'

Here "I" and "mine" mean the illusion, *mâyâ*, of the Vêdântins, in which the ignorant man is enveloped. This is well brought out in the oft-quoted line,

maiñ aru môra tôra taiñ mâyâ,
"I and my, thy and thou, are illusion."

Tul'sî Dâs tells the Alakhiyâ to distinguish what he calls self from his real self, the Antaryâmi Brahma. When a man is in the midst of illusion, all he can see is the illusion. The Alakhiyâ is to break the veil, and to understand what his real self is. Without breaking that veil it is impossible to see Brahman. The only way to break it is to worship Râma.

At the village of Mairawâ in the district of Sâran is a Brahma-sthâna, where one called Hari Râma committed suicide, compelled thereto by the tyranny of Kanak Shâhi Bisên. Throughout the districts of Gôrakh'pur and Sâran, there is a widely believed tradition that Tul'sî Dâs was present when he was invested with the Brahmanical thread. The *sthân* is called Hari Râm Brahm, and a large fair is held here on the ninth of the bright half of Chaitra (the Râma-navamî). The place is a station on the Bengal and North-Western Railway.

The celebrated 'Abdu'r-Rahîm Khânkhânâ[38] used frequently to correspond with Tul'sî Dâs. On one occasion Tul'sî Dâs sent him half a *dôhâ* as follows:—

'*Sura-tiya, nara-tiya, nâga-tiya, saba bêdana saba kôi ।*'

Benares. The verse (the original is certainly the *Dôhâbalî* version) refers to this. The *dhânsêwâlê*, the calumniators, were the Musalmâns. *Dhakkâ* is equivalent to *dhakkâ*, a shove. Cf. *K. Râm., Ut.* 76, *Ândharô adhama*, &c. Cf. also *Dôhâbalî*, 240, and *K. Râm., Ut.* 170-176, in which the Rudra *vêsh* is specially mentioned.

[37] The *Alakh-jagânâvâlâs* are Śaivas. The name is derived from *alakshya*, invisible. They are a sub-division of the Pûrî division of the Dasnâmî sect. They are also called *Alakhiyâ*. Some of the Gôrakhpanthîs also call themselves Alakhiyâs, but the true Alakhiyâs do not slit their ears as the Gôrakhpanthîs do.

[38] See *Modern Vernacular Literature of Hindûstân*, § 108.

To which the Nawâb replied,

'Garbha liyê Hulasî phirê Tulasî sê suta hôi ॥.'

'Women of the gods, women of the mortals, women of the Nâgas, all suffer pain (in child-birth).'

'Yet Hulasî[39] (the poet's mother) let herself become with child, that she might have a son like Tul'sî.'

Paṇḍit Sudhâkar Dvivêdî gives a variant of the legend, with a slightly different reading of the verse. A poor Brâhman is said to have worried the poet for money to meet the expenses of his daughter's marriage. Finally Tul'sî gave him the following half line:—

'Sura-tiya nara-tiya nâga-tiya saba châhata asa hôi ।'

'These three kinds of women all desire a son like thee,' and told him to present it to the Emperor's Governor. The latter on receiving it rewarded the Brâhman, and wrote the answer

'Gôda liê hulasî phiraiṅ Tulasî sê suta hôi ॥'

'But all women desire that they may joyfully (*hulasî*) carry in their arms, a son like Tulasî.' This verse, the Paṇḍit explains, is probably the foundation of the tradition that the name of the poet's mother was Hulasî.

The famous Ṭôḍar Mall[40] was another of Tul'sî Dâs's friends and was an ardent devotee of Râma. When he died (1589 A.D.) the poet wrote the following verses *in memoriam*:—

Mahatô chârô gâṅwa kô mana kô baḍaï mahîpa ।
Tulasî yâ kali-kâla mêṅ athayê Ṭôḍara dîpa ॥
Tulasî Râma sanêha kô sira dhara bhârî bhâra ।
Ṭôḍara dharê na kâṅdha hû jaga kara raheu utâra ॥
Tulasî ura thâlâ bimala Ṭôḍara guna-gana bâya ।
Samujhi sulôchana sîṅchihêṅ umagi umagi anurâga ॥
Râma-dhâma Ṭôḍara 'gayê Tulasî bhayeu nisôcha ।
Jiyabô mîta punîta binu yahî baḍê saṅkôcha ॥

'A master of but four villages,[41] but a mighty monarch of himself. Tul'sî, in this age of evil the light of Ṭôḍar hath set. Tul'sî placed on his head the heavy burden of love for the Lord, but Ṭôḍar could not bear the burden of the world upon his shoulders, and laid it down.[42] Tul'sî's heart was a pure watering-basin in the garden of Ṭôḍar's virtues. When I think of this mine eyes o'erflow and water them with affection. Ṭôḍar hath gone to the dwelling place of the Lord, and therefore Tul'sî refraineth his grief, but hard it is for him to live without his pure friend.'

The famous Mahârâj Mân Siṅgh[43] (d. 1618) of Ambêr (Jaipur), and his brother Jagat Siṅgh and other great princes were in the habit of coming to pay reverence to the poet. A man once asked why such great people came to see him now-a-days. In former days no one came to see him. Tul'sî Dâs replied:[44]

Lahai na phûṭî kaudi-hû kô chahai kahi kâja ।
Sô Tulasî mahaṅgô kiyô Râma garîba-niwâja ॥

[39] It is an idea expressed frequently in Tul'sî Dâs's poetry, that the mother of a son devoted to Râma is blessed above all others.

[40] *Modern Vernacular Literature of Hindûstân*, § 105. The deed of arbitration already alluded to was devoted to settling a quarrel between his descendants. We have already seen that Tul'sî Dâs is said to have compiled the *Dôhâvalî*, after the year 1598 A. D. at his request. Tul'sî Dâs objected on principle to praising any great man, see *Râm. Bâ., Ch.*, 11, 7 (*kinhê prâkṛita jana, &c.*)

[41] This may be either taken literally, or if *chârôn gâṅwa* be used in its idiomatic meaning of 'landed property,' the sentence may mean 'respected in his own property.'

[42] The meaning of this *dôhâ* is doubtful to me. [43] *Vernacular Lit.* § 109. [44] *Dôhâvalî*, 108, 109.

Ghara ghara mângê ṭûka puni bhûpati pûjê pâi।
Tê Tulasî taba Râma binu tê aba Râma sahâi॥

'(Once did I beg) and collected not even a cracked cowry in alms. Who wanted me then for any need? But Râma, the cherisher of the poor, made me of great price. I used to beg from door to door for alms, now kings worship my feet. Saith Tul'sî: *then* it was without Râma. *Now* Râma is my helper.'

One day a Brâhman woman, whose husband had just died, and who was on her way to become suttee, passed Tul'sî Dâs and made obeisance to him. The holy man, in absence of mind, blessed her, saying '*saubhâgyavatî hô*,' 'blessed be your wedded life.' Her relations who accompanied her said: 'Reverend sir, this woman only to-day became a widow, and is on her way to become a suttee with her husband. You have just now given her a blessing, which must turn out unfulfilled,—but, still, all men know your might.' Tul'sî replied, '*Achchhâ*, do not burn her husband till I come.' He then went to the Ganges and bathed, put a new garment on to the corpse, and began to repeat the name of Râma. He remained praying and praising the Lord in this way for nearly three hours, when the corpse rose, as one awakened from sleep, and sitting up in the presence of thousands of men, said 'Why have you brought me here?' His relations explained to him that he had died, and that Tul'sî had brought him to life, at hearing which he fell at the poet's feet. Thereupon all the people praised the name of Râma, and took him who was dead, and was now alive, to his home.

News of this reached the emperor at Dehlî,[45] who sent for Tul'sî Dâs. When the poet arrived in court, the emperor received him with much honour, gave him a high seat, and then asked him to perform a miracle. Tul'sî smiled and answered, 'Your Majesty, I have no power to perform miracles. I know not magic. One thing, and only one, I know, — the name of the Lord, Râma Chandra.' The emperor, on this, flew into a rage, and ordered the poet to be imprisoned till he should perform some miracle. He sat in prison, repeating the name of Râma and praising Hanumân.

Seeing the trouble in which this faithful devotee of Râma was involved, Hanumân sent myriads of monkeys, who entered the city and began to destroy the palace and all its contents. They even went so far as to make faces at and threaten the emperor and his wives. When nothing could stop their devastation, the emperor's eyes became opened, and going with his chief queen he fell at Tul'sî Dâs's feet and implored his forgiveness. The poet then prayed again to Hanumân and the army of monkeys withdrew, after the emperor had promised to leave Dehlî (a city of holy memories to Hindus), and found a new city. This new city is that now known as Shâhjahânâbâd. From Dehlî, Tul'sî Das went to Vṛindâvana, where he met Nâbhâ Das, the worshipper of Kṛishṇa and the author of the *Bhakt Mâlâ*.[46] One day, the two poets went, with other Vaishṇavas, to worship at the temple of Gôpâla (Kṛishṇa). Some of the Vaishṇavas said to him sarcastically, 'He has deserted his own God (Râma), and come to worship in the temple of another (Kṛishṇa).' To this Tul'sî replied:—

Kâ baranauṅ chhabi âju kî bhalê birâjau nâtha।
Tulasî mastaka taba nawai dhanukha bâna lie hâtha॥

'How am I to describe the representation (of Kṛishṇa) which I see to-day. Noble indeed doth he seem, but not till he appear with bow and arrow in his hands (*i. e.*, in the character of Râma), will Tul'sî bow his head to him.'

While he was yet speaking, behold the image of Kṛishṇa changed its appearance. His flute became an arrow, and his reed a bow. Seeing this miracle, all were astonished, and praised Tul'sî.

[45] Some legends say this was Shâh Jahân, who reigned from 1628 to 1658 A. D. But the poet died in 1624 A.D.
[46] *Vernacular Lit.* § 51.

The following are said to have been Tul'sî Dâs's dying words:—

Râma-nâma-jasa barani kai bhayau chahata aba mauna ।
Tulasî kê mukha dijiyê aba-hî tulasî sauna ॥

'I have sung the glory of the name of Râma, and now would I be silent.' Now place ye the gold, and the leaf of *tul'sî*, into Tul'sî's mouth."[47]

I may add that *K. Râm. Ut.*, 180 (*kunkuma ranga su-anga jitô, &c.*), is said to have been composed by the poet, when his eye fell upon a *kshêmakarî* falcon, a bird of good omen, as he sat on the banks of the Ganges awaiting death.

In conclusion, I must again thank the various scholars who have helped me to compile these notes, more especially Mahâmahôpadhyâya Paṇḍit Sudhâkar Dvivêdî, and Bâbû Râm Dîn Singh. Without their kind assistance, I should never have been able to place on record the information here made public.

A PRELIMINARY STUDY OF THE KALYANI INSCRIPTIONS.

(*Concluded from page* 243.)

Postscript.

[BY MAJOR R. C. TEMPLE.]

In May 1892 the Local Government in Burma authorized me to arrange for the restoration of the three Pâḷi stones of these inscriptions, if possible.

Through the kindness of Messrs. E. W. Oates, Algie and Griffin, of the Public Works Department, preliminary works were undertaken, with a view to finding out what remained of the stones and how far they could be put back into their original condition.

Mr. Griffin took a great deal of trouble over the matter, and the immediate result of his labours was the following report:—

"The stones, of which there are ten, *i. e.*, including both the Pâḷi and the Talaing inscriptions, are all more or less broken. Their original form was approximately that shewn in the sketch (see the six Plates entitled "Restored Portions of the Pâḷi Stones of the Kalyâṇî Inscriptions"). They stood 6 ft. high above the ground surface and had their tops curved, as shewn in the Plate, "Stones 1 to 10 of the Kalyâṇî Inscriptions." Only one retains any part of the top curvature, the rest being broken off much nearer the ground. Their thickness averages about 13 inches, but they differ in this respect from each other, and each stone varies in itself. The broken pieces shewn in the Plate, "Broken Portions of the Kalyâṇî Stones," are numbered as belonging to the various stones; but this selection depends partly on the position in which they are lying, and partly on their thickness. Consequently, since the thickness is variable, the selection is only approximate and cannot be absolutely determined mechanically till the pieces are fitted together. The material from which the stones were cut is a moderately hard sandstone.

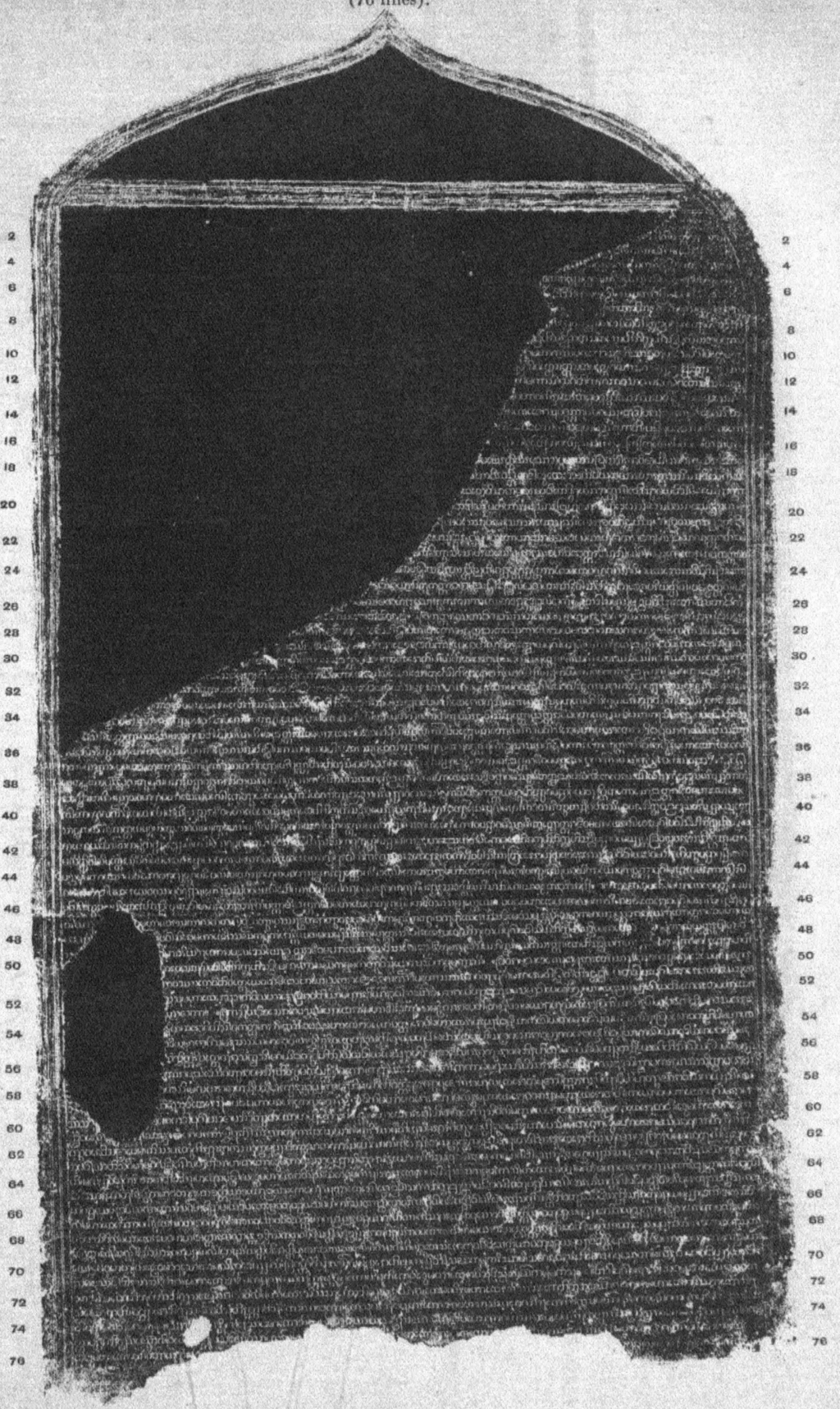
"The stones are inscribed on both sides, and, consequently, many of the broken pieces have been lying with one surface in contact with the soil. In some cases this has decayed the stone, and **a few portions of the inscriptions have been thereby entirely destroyed.** Other portions have also been destroyed by the stone having flaked off, not by the action of the weather, but when the stones were broken. These flakes it will, of course, be impossible to recover. It will, therefore, be impossible to entirely restore the inscriptions.

"The sketches in the Plates above mentioned shew those portions of the stones, which are still left standing above ground, and also those pieces lying on the ground, which are above one

[47] Amongst members of the Vaishnava sect, it is customary to place Ganges water, gold, and a leaf of the *tul'sî* plant into a dying person's mouth.

Plate I.

Restored portions of the Pâli stones of the
Kalyâṇî Inscriptions of Dhammachêtî, 1476 A.D. Obverse face of the first stone.
(76 lines).



TAW SEIN KO. SCALE ·09. W. GRIGGS, PHOTO-LITH.

Plate II.

Reverse face of the first stone.

(70 lines).

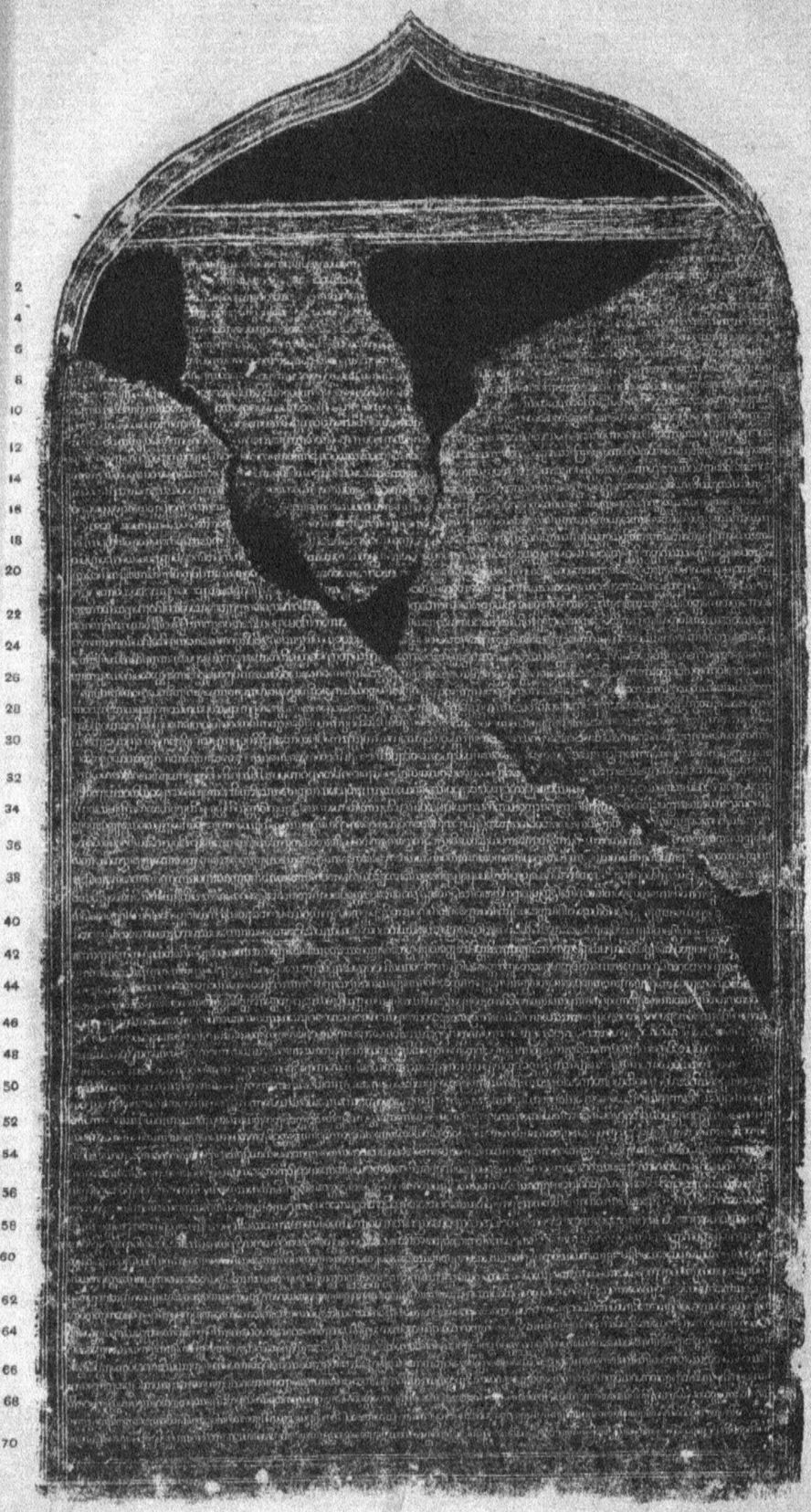


Plate III.

Obverse face of the second stone.

(67 lines).

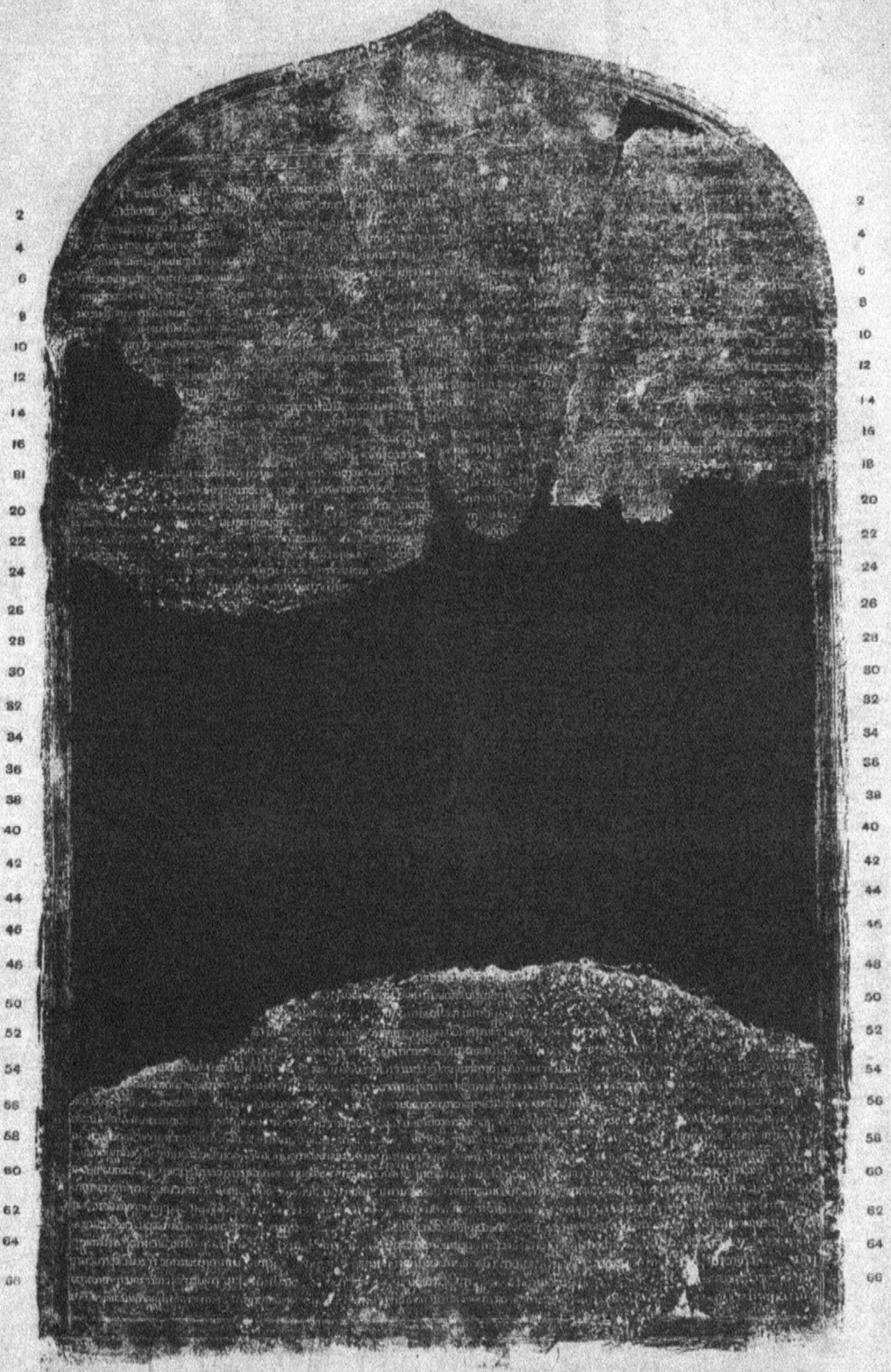


Plate IV.

Reverse face of the second stone.

(67 lines)

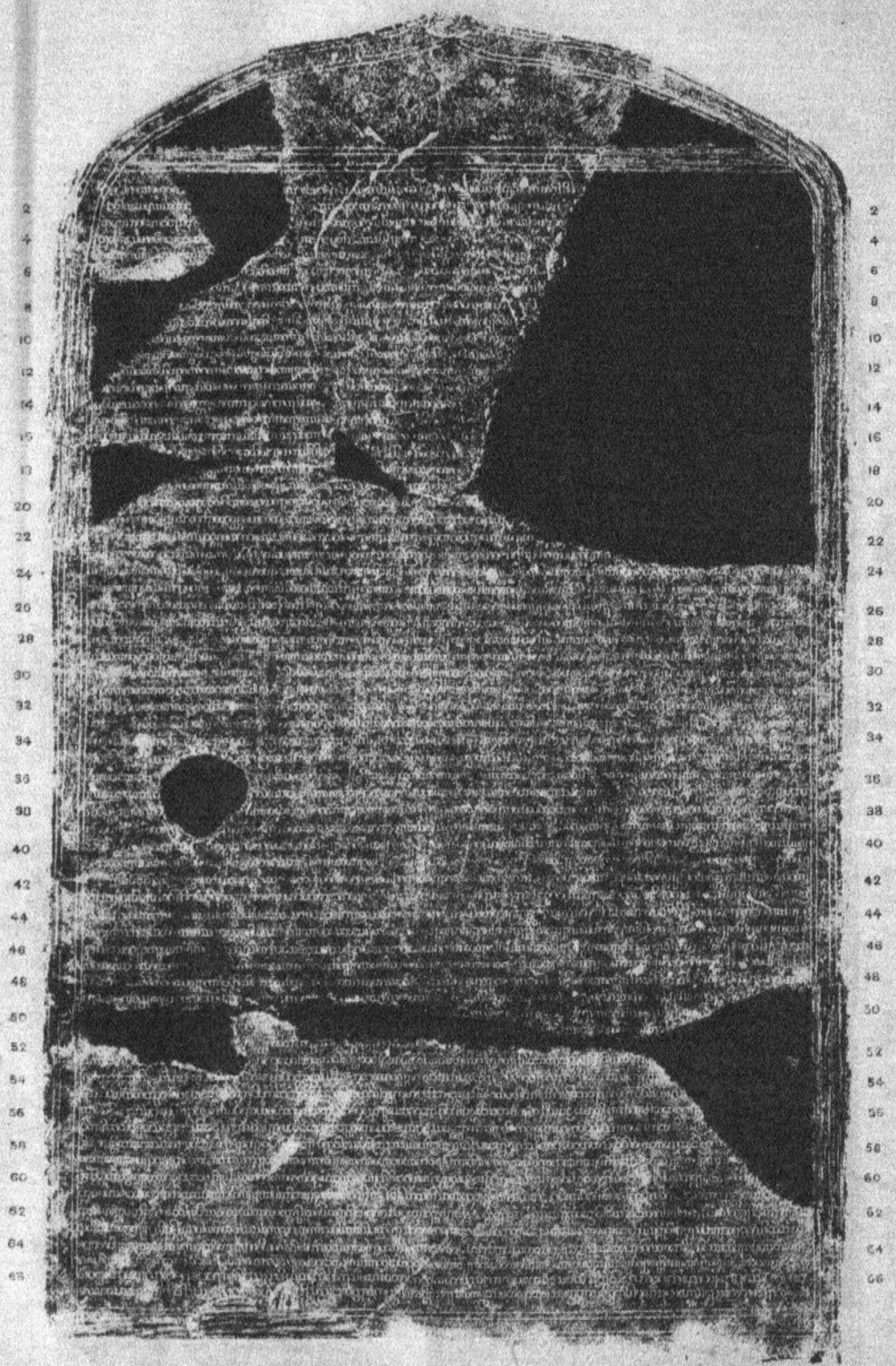


Plate V.

Obverse face of the third stone.

(78 lines)

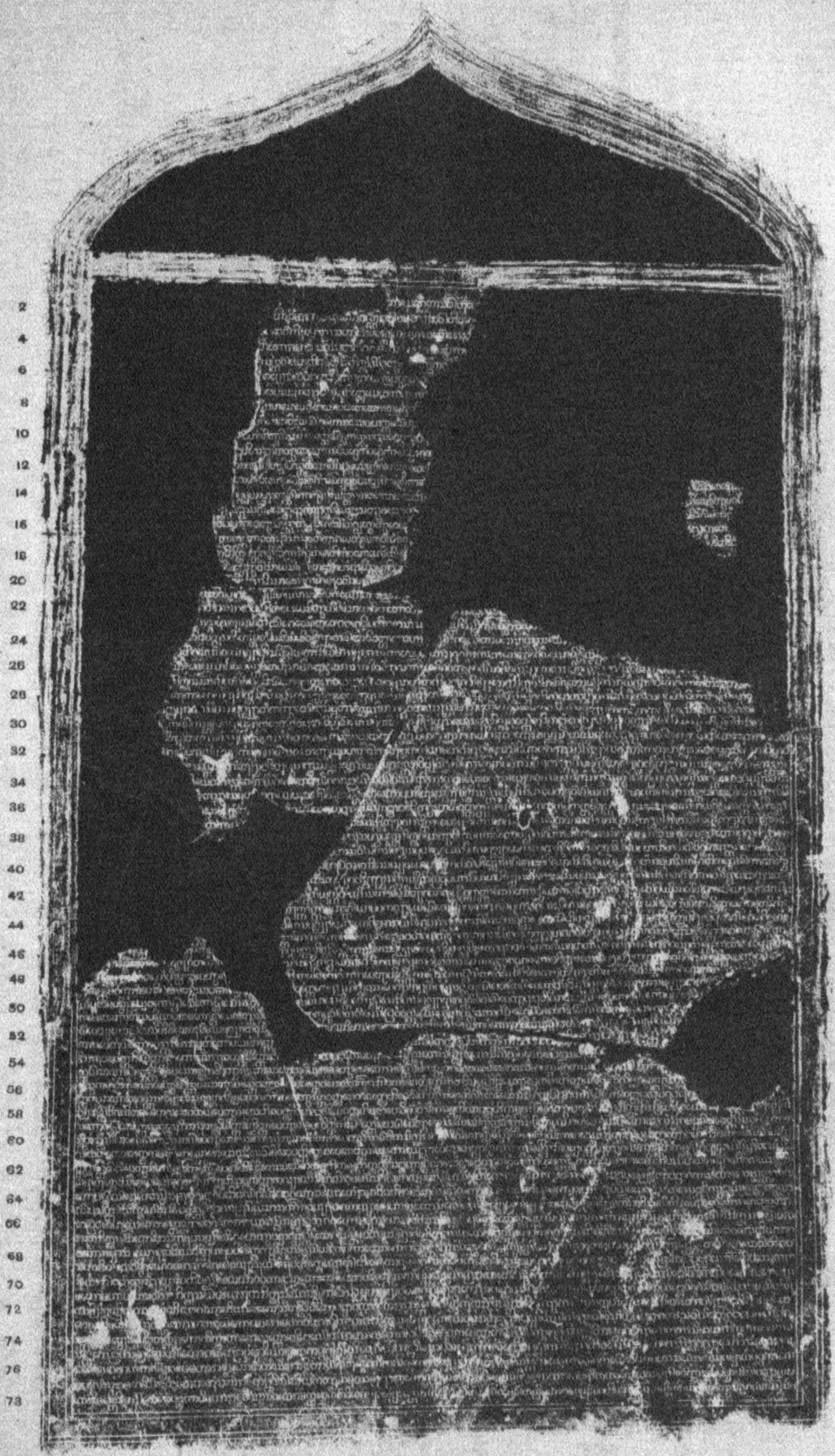
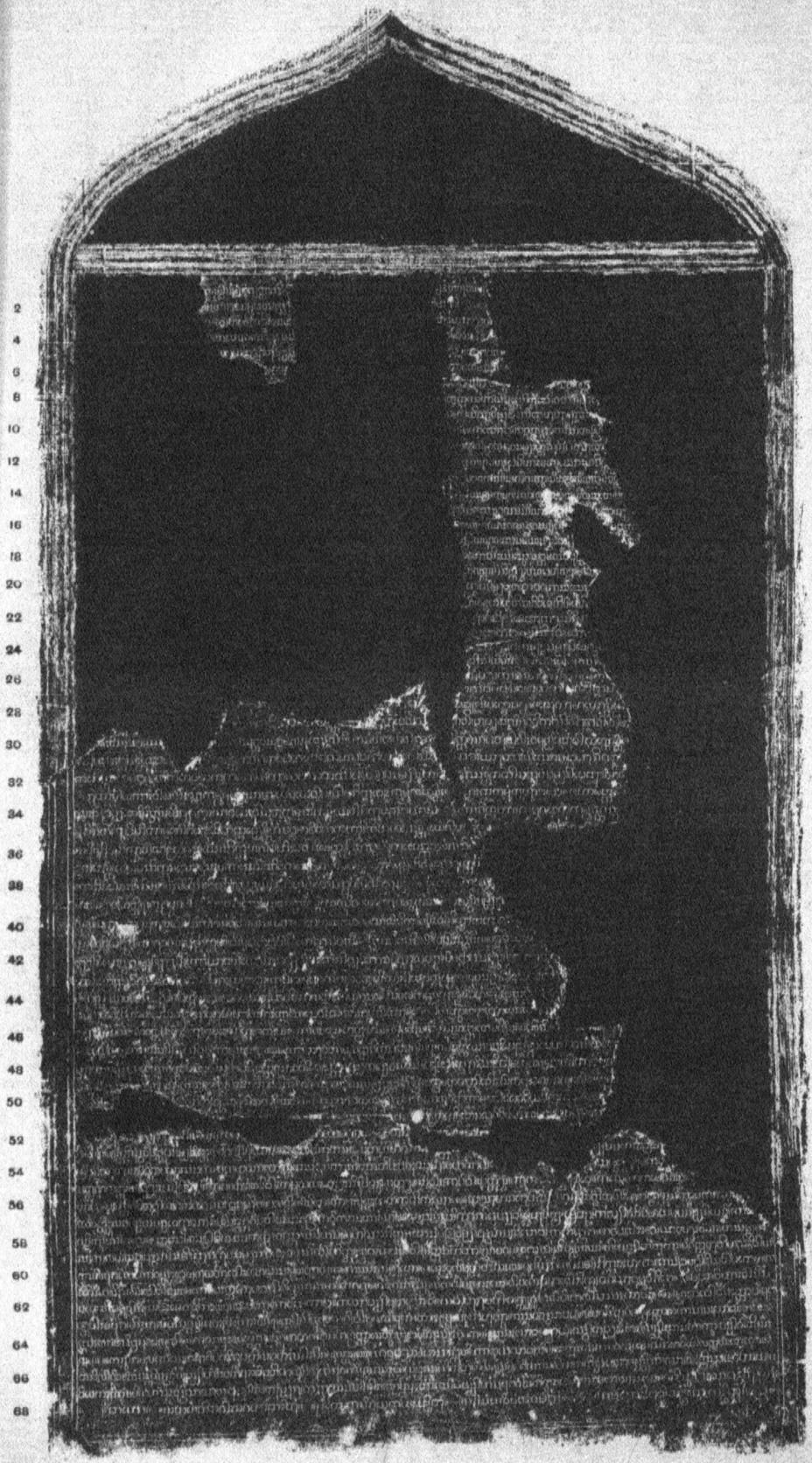
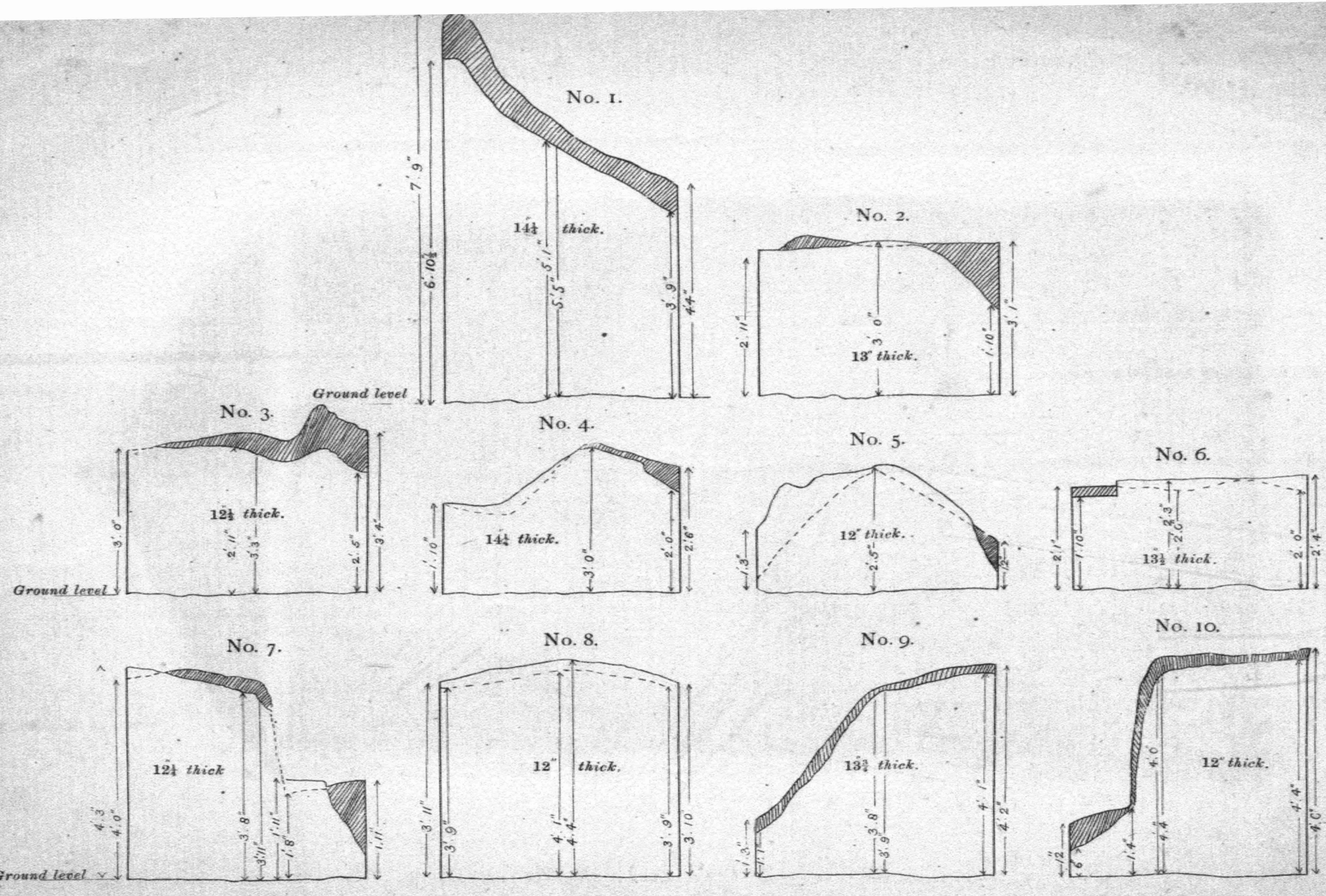


Plate VI.

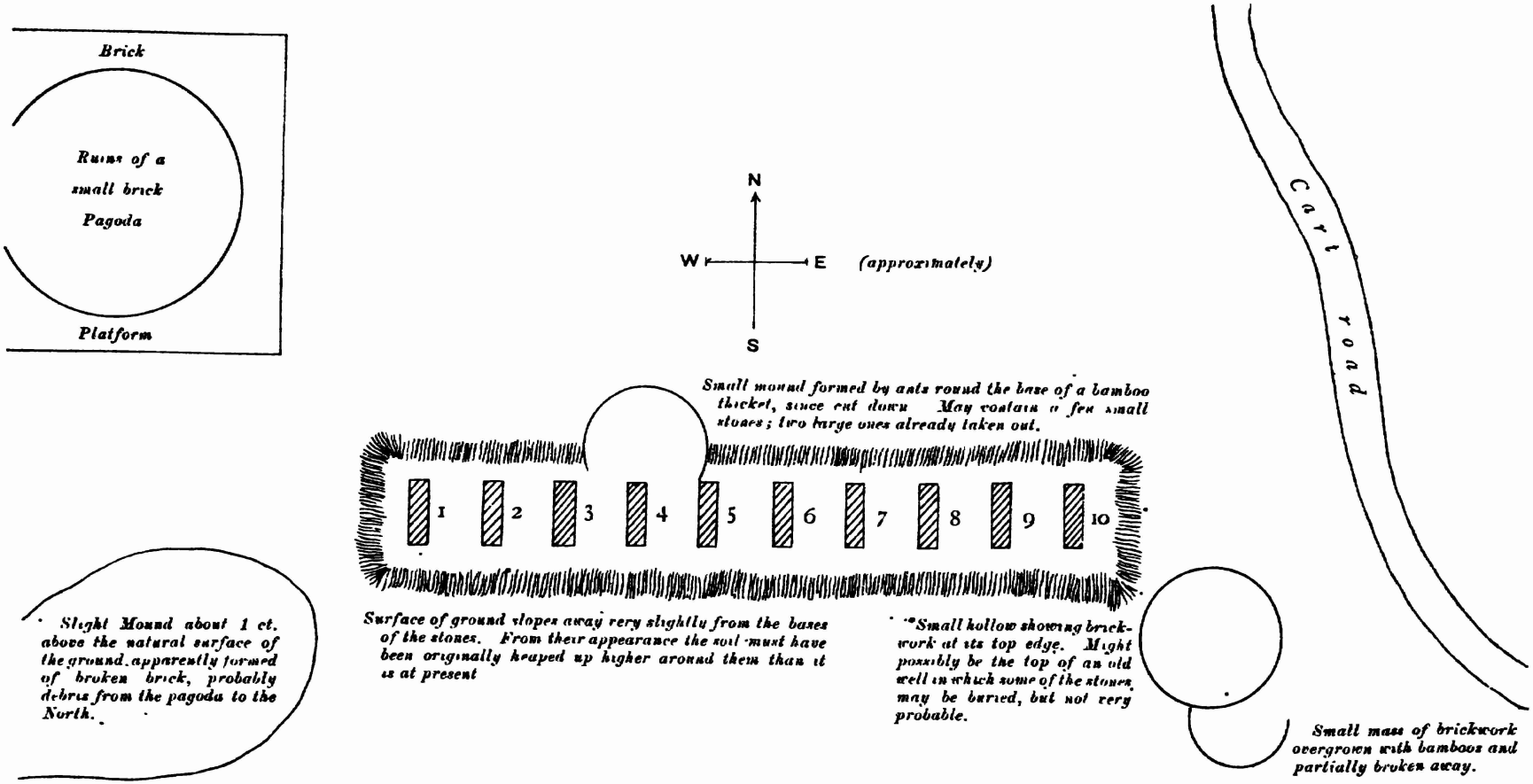
Reverse face of the third stone.

(68 lines).





Stones 1 to 10 of the Kalyâṇî Inscriptions.


Brick
Ruins of a small brick Pagoda
Platform
N
W
E
S
(approximately)
Small mound formed by ants round the base of a bamboo thicket, since cut down. May contain a few small stones; two large ones already taken out.
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
Surface of ground slopes away very slightly from the bases of the stones. From their appearance the soil must have been originally heaped up higher around them than it is at present
Small hollow showing brickwork at its top edge. Might possibly be the top of an old well in which some of the stones may be buried, but not very probable.
Slight Mound about 1 ct. above the natural surface of the ground, apparently formed of broken brick, probably debris from the pagoda to the North.
Cart road
Small mass of brickwork overgrown with bamboos and partially broken away.

General Plan of the Site of the Kalyânî Inscriptions.

cubic foot in size and which bear a portion of both inscribed surfaces. The total volume of all these is approximately 200 cubic feet; while the total volume of the original stones above ground must have been at least 325 cubic feet, taking an average thickness of 13 inches. This leaves a difference of 125 cubic feet, representing the volume of the missing portions.

"All that is now visible does not exceed half of this, if, indeed, it is as much. It is clear, then, that **some portions of the stones have either been removed from the site, or are lying buried near it.**

"With regard to the possibility of some pieces of inscribed stone being buried near the site, the Plate, "General Plan of the Site of the Kalyâṇî Inscriptions," shews a slight mound near the south-west corner and a small hollow at the south-east. The former does not rise more than twelve to eighteen inches above the natural surface of the ground and appears to be composed of broken brick, possibly debris from a ruined pagoda opposite. The hollow is circular, and about two feet deep, with brickwork shewing round its edge. This may possibly be the top of a well which has been filled in, but this is doubtful. There is a small mound at its edge, which is made up of brickwork, partially broken away and overgrown by bamboos. The only other mound is that shewn in the "General Plan" about the centre of the line of stones. This is very small, having been formed by ants round the base of an old bamboo clump, now cut down. Two stones have already been taken out of this and it could not possibly contain more of any consequence. The ground slopes slightly from the base of the stones and the pieces shewn in the plates were lying on the slopes, either on the surface, or partially buried to a depth of only three to four inches below it.

"The general inference, then, is that **the probability of finding any considerable amount of inscribed stone buried in the vicinity is very small.**

"Building up the various parts of the stones would be attended with considerable difficulty, since the stones are inscribed on both sides. The only portions available for connecting the parts are, therefore, the broken surfaces (these in many cases have a considerable slope to the horizontal) and the outside edges; so it would be exceedingly difficult to fix the centre portions. For the same reasons, also, it will be necessary to build them up in a vertical position."

The above report, having made it clear that the restoration of the stones, if possible at all, would be attended with much difficulty, advantage was taken of a set of ink impressions taken by the late Prof. Forchhammer, and found among his papers, to aid in piecing the broken stones together.

The work of restoring the stones on paper from Prof. Forchhammer's fragments was in itself a matter of no small difficulty, but it has been successfully accomplished, so far as the materials at hand sufficed for the purpose. For this work the MSS., from which the text given in this *Journal* was compiled, were of great value, and their general accuracy was proved by the fact that with their aid the text of the original stones could be followed so closely as to admit of the fragmentary impressions collected by Prof. Forchhammer being arranged in the order, in which they must have originally been inscribed on the stones.

When the fragments of the text were thus restored, they were fixed on to large sheets of paper, the original forms of the stones were roughly drawn in, and the spaces left between fragments blackened over. The sheets were then photo-lithographed and the results reproduced in Plates I. to VI., entitled "Restored Portions of the Pâḷi Stones of the Kalyâṇî Inscriptions of Dhammachêtî, 1476 A. D."

These plates are now in the hands of the engineers, and it may be possible yet to restore these most important stones and preserve them from further destruction.

The credit of the difficult and ingenious work of piecing together Prof. Forchhammer's fragments is due to Mr. Taw Sein-Ko.

FOLKLORE IN SALSETTE.

BY GEO. FR. D'PENHA.

No. 16.—*The Prince and the Kambals.*

(*Continued from p.* 250).

The little birds then said :— "We thought as much. We did see some huge bird falling upon us, and had it not been for that boy there under the tree, we, too, should have been lost to you. As soon as he saw the wild bird trying to devour us, he got up and killed it, and there lies the carcase of it. Go down, therefore, and thank him first as our deliverer. You must also try and render him some help, for he appears to be in great anxiety about something or other."

The *gûrûpakshâ* and *gûrûpaksh'n* then came down and saw that all that their children said was true. They, therefore, thanked our hero very heartily, and asked him why he looked so dejected and care-worn, and if they could help him in any way. The prince told them everything: how he had come to that land in search of *kambals*; how he killed the *râkhas*; how he packed the *râkhas'* daughter in a box and tied it to the chain of the ship in which he came; how the chain was drawn up, and he was left behind without any chance of his ever getting back to his parents, which thought caused him the greatest pain and anxiety.

When the *gûrûpakshâ* and *gûrûpakshîn* heard his story they said to him :— "Is this all that you are anxious about? Order us and we will bear you in a short time to your home in safety. But before you go, take a little present from us. We will each give you a feather. When you wear the feather of the *gûrûpakshâ* in your turban, at any age, you will look like a person a thousand years old; again, when you wear that of the *gûrûpakshîn*, you will look like a lad of twelve years. Now tell us where you wish to go."

Upon this our hero took heart at the opportunity offered him of once more going to see his parents, and told them where he wished to be carried. The *gûrûpakshâ* and *gûrûpakshîn* then both joined their wings and thus made a fine seat, and having seated the prince thereon, bore him into the air, and in a few moments put him down near the fisherman's house, and went away, after again thanking him for rescuing their children's life, and each of them gave him a feather.

The fisherman and his wife, who were nearly blind from the effects of crying day and night for the supposed loss of their child, were taken by surprise, as they heard the prince's voice suddenly fall on their ears, calling out to them as father and mother. They were now very glad to see him back, and asked him where he had been and what he had been doing for so long. He told them everything from the moment he had left them to the time of speaking. They listened, with amazement, to the exploits of their son, and were proud of him. Now that their son was again with them safe, they shook off their cares and anxieties, and, recovering slowly, regained their strength. Thus they were again themselves in a short time.

A few months after this, there happened to be a great festival, and every one was supposed to eat and drink merrily for the day. The old fisherman called the prince, and, handing him some money, told him to go to the *bâzâr* and buy some meat and vegetables and fruit, and other nice things for dinner. The prince at once obeyed. Going to the *bâzâr*, he bought what was necessary, and, hiring a cooly, sent it to his house, while he himself kept roaming about the place, as he had not been there since he had left in search of the *kambals*, diverting himself with sweets and fruits. Rambling from one place to another, he happened to come to where the palace of the king was located. Just then he remembered the feathers given to him by the *gûrûpakshâ* and *gûrûpakshîn*, and of their virtue. So wishing to amuse himself by passing off for an old man, he wore in his turban the feather of the *gûrûpakshâ*, when, at once, he was transformed into an old man of a thousand years!

In this guise he went past the king's palace. The king, who happened to be standing in the balcony of his palace, saw him, and thought to himself:

"How old that man looks! Surely, he must have seen many countries, and must be acquainted with many stories. It will certainly be worth while to hear some tale or other from him."

Thus thinking, he called him in, addressing him as *ájjá* (grand-father), and said: — "*Ájjá*, you look a thousand years old. Won't you oblige me with one of the old tales of which you must be full?"

But our hero modestly said: — "No, no; what do I know about old stories?"

The king then again said: — "Come, come, *ájjá*, who will believe that you are not acquainted with stories? Do oblige me."

After much begging and coaxing, the supposed old man began: —

"Sire, as I told you, I do not know any old stories, but listen to what little I can tell you. Once upon a time, there lived a king with his queen, whose dominions extended far and wide, and who possessed an immense hoard of treasure, but, to their great grief, they had had no issue, to procure which the queen every day gave away one *súpli* (sieve) full of gold in alms to beggars, hoping that the recipients of the alms would pray and thereby obtain them a son.

"One day she was seated in the balcony with a sieve full of gold for the purpose of distributing among the beggars, when a *gósáiwi*, who happened to come to beg, saw this gold, and asked her what she had in the sieve. The queen told him it was gold, upon which the *gósáiwi* asked her: — 'Is there any one that will eat it?' And the queen answered in a sorrowful tone: — 'No; and that is the reason why I am sitting here with this sieve full of gold, hoping that, by distributing it, the receivers of it may pray and obtain a son for me, but to this day it seems that their prayers have not been heard.' The *gósáiwi* then asked her if the king, her husband, was at home, but she said that he had gone out. 'Very well,' said the *gósáiwi*. 'Tell him, when he returns, to come to my *maṭ* in a certain village, and then I will tell him what to do in order that your desires may be satisfied.' The queen promised to send the king on his return, and the *gósáiwi*, after receiving alms, went away.

"This is the story, O king, I know; and now let me go."

The king, who suspected that this story was all about himself, was anxious to hear more, and so said to him: — "Go on, *ájjá*, tell me further. It is a very interesting tale."

But the supposed old man pretended to know nothing more. The king, however, begged of him, and urged him to tell more, upon which he continued: —

"Then, Sire, when the king returned in the evening, the queen laid out supper for him, and while he was partaking of it, the queen said: — 'My dear husband, this morning, as I was seated as usual in the balcony with a sieve full of gold to distribute to beggars, a *gósáiwi*, who says his hut is in a certain village, came up and asked me what I had in the sieve, and when I told him it was gold, he asked me if there was any one who would eat it, but I said there was no one, and that was the reason why I distributed it among beggars, in order that, through their prayers at any rate, we may get a son. Upon this he asked me if you were at home, and when I told him you were gone out, he asked me to send you to his *maṭ* on your return.'

"The king listened to her very attentively, and, when she had finished speaking, said: — 'My dear wife, you are distributing a sieve full of gold every morning, besides which we are performing other charitable acts, and all to no avail. What can a *gósáiwi* tell, and much less do, that our desires may be fulfilled?' But the queen pressed and begged of him to go, saying: — 'Let us see what he may have to say. Who knows but that he may help us to obtain our wishes.'

"After much entreaty, however, the king consented to go, and, having finished his supper, he set out for the *gôsâñvi's mat*. When he had reached it, the *gôsâñvi* asked him what he wanted. The king said:— 'Did you not go to the palace this morning and tell my wife to send me over to you when I came home?' 'Yes, my lord,' answered the *gôsâñvi*. 'I will now tell you what to do. Go to a certain place where you will see a tree laden with fruit. Climb up the tree and shake it. Come down and take two of the fruit. Mind you do not take more than two. Eat one yourself and give the other to your wife, the queen; thereby you will obtain your desires.'

"The king went in the direction he was told by the *gôsâñvi*, and saw a large tree which was bent down by the weight of its fruit. He climbed up and shook and shook the tree, till he saw hundreds of the fruit fall on the ground, but when he came down and went to pick up the fruit he found only two. So he climbed again, and again shook the tree for a long while, and he again heard the sound of hundreds of fruit falling, but, as before, when he was picking them up he got only two. The king was astonished at this occurrence, and climbed up in the tree a third time, and shook and shook the tree with all his might for a very long time, till he was tired, and he heard the sound of some thousands of the fruit dropping on the ground. When he came down, the ground under the tree was so covered by the fruit that he could not put his feet down without treading on heaps of them, which made him glad to think that he had at last plenty, but, to his great astonishment, as he proceeded to gather them, all the fruit went up again into the tree, and there remained for him to carry away only two. The king now thought to himself:— 'The *gôsâñvi* told me to take only two of these fruit, but though I wished to take more, and I knocked down so many, I cannot get more than two. There must be some meaning in it. I will, therefore, abide by the instructions of the *gôsâñvi*; or, who knows, if I should take more, they may lose their virtue?'

"He then took the fruit and showed them to the *gôsâñvi*, who again told him to take them home, and to eat one himself and to give the other to the queen to eat.

"The king, after thanking the *gôsâñvi* for his kind advice, went home with the fruit, and, giving one to his queen, told her to eat it, while he ate the other himself. From that moment the queen became pregnant, and, in due time, she gave birth to a very beautiful boy. This event was the cause of great joy to the old king and queen, and they feasted the palace servants very sumptuously.

"This much, O king, I know; I shall thank you to let me go."

The king, however, could not be persuaded to believe that the old *âjjâ* knew only so much, and again prayed and urged him to tell something more, upon which the thousand-year-old man continued:—

"Five days passed after the birth of the child and they celebrated the *pâñchvî*, and on the following day, the sixth day, was the *saṭṭî*. On the day of the *saṭṭî* a fortune-teller was called in to consult about the future of the infant-prince. When the fortune-teller was going away, after consulting the horoscope, the *pardhan* of the palace, who was watching outside, stopped her and asked her what would be the future career of the king's son. The fortune-teller, after much reluctance on her part, and much entreaty on the part of the *pardhan*, said:— 'It is written in the fortune of the prince that on the twelfth day after his birth the boy will be drowned in the sea!' Thus saying she went away, and the *pardhan*, too, did not divulge what he heard from the fortune-teller.

"Eleven days passed after the birth of the prince, and on the twelfth day was to be celebrated the *bârâvî* ceremony. For this purpose they fitted a ship to convey them to a certain temple, to come to which they had to cross a sea. Hundreds of guests were invited to be present at the ceremony, and the king and queen made grand preparations to celebrate the auspicious event of naming the child, with great joy and befitting pomp.

"At the appointed time, the king and the queen, with all their guests, embarked on board the ship, and soon set sail. On the way, the guests vied with each other for the honour of carrying the child, though it was only for a moment. Scarcely one had lifted the child, when a second person asked and took it from him. In another moment a third person came and took up the child, and then a fourth, and a fifth, and so on. When they had sailed for several hours they came to the middle of the sea. The child happened to be in the arms of a woman, who, by accident, let fall the child, and in a moment more the prince was drowned. Hundreds of people dived into the sea after the child, and made a long search, but in vain, and with tears in their eyes and broken hearts the king and the queen returned home with their guests. When they reached their home, the king sentenced the woman, who had so carelessly let fall the child, to a rigorous imprisonment for twelve years.

"Thus far, O king, I know the story, and can't tell what happened afterwards. I am now getting late for my meal, do let me go."

The king, who was now almost certain that the story was about himself and his child, for whom he had not yet left off mourning, was now more anxious to hear further. He made himself sure that an old man of the story-teller's age knew everything.

So he said :— "O *ájjá*, come, finish your story. You are only pretending not to know further."

But the supposed old man said :—"No, no ; I know no further. I have told you all I knew."

Nothing, however, could convince the king of the ignorance of the old *ájjá*, as he called him, and he begged hard of him to continue the story. So at last the old man said :—

"Listen, O king; as it was written in the fate of the king's son, so it came to pass. As soon as the child fell into the sea, he was swallowed by a large *magalmásá*, which was carried by the tide and thrown on dry land in a certain village of the king's dominions. In the morning a fisherman, who lived with his wife, and possessed great wealth, was walking along in pursuit of his vocation, and he happened to see the *magalmásá*. He dragged it to shore, and cut it open, when to his great surprise and confusion he saw a child come out of the belly of the *magalmásá* alive. The fisherman, too, with all his wealth had no children. He, therefore, gladly took up the child in his arms, and, going home, handed him to his wife, who was also very glad, saying:—'Dear wife, God has, at last, given us a child in this miraculous manner.'

"Thus they constituted themselves the prince's foster-parents, and, possessing great wealth, took every possible care, and brought him up with great tenderness. With such care the prince grew up rapidly. When he was only a month old he looked a child of two months; when two months only he appeared as four months old, and so on. He grew strong and beautiful, and was the pride of his foster-parents. He was known in the neighbourhood as the fisherman's son, and the prince, too, always addressed the fisherman and his wife as father and mother.

"When he was about six or seven years old he used to run about and play with the children from the neighbourhood. One day they ran to the shore, and the prince, too, wishing to go with them, asked the foster-parents permission to go, but the fisherman said :—'No, my dear child. Do not go to play near the seabeach. You know how mischievous the children are. Who knows but that some accident or other may befall you? Then, what shall I do? Tell me what you require, and I will get you any toys you may wish for, with which you can play about the house in safety.' The prince, however, in spite of the kind advice of the old man, ran at full speed, and joined his playmates at the seabeach.

"Now it happened that, as the children were playing and running about on the sand, they spied a beautiful *kambal* floating on the waves. Every one of the children attempted to get it,

but with no success. At last our hero said he would bring it, but all of them laughed at his folly, saying:—'What a silly child you are. Boys bigger than yourself have failed to get it, and you say that you can bring it.' But the prince said he would bring it, though he was younger than the rest of the children. Upon this they laid a wager, to which the prince consented, and immediately dived headlong into the water, and in a few moments came on the shore triumphantly carrying the *kambal*, and thus won the wager. The prince then carried the *kambal* to his foster-parents, who asked him whence he got it, or whether he had come by it through stealing. The prince told them how, as he and other children were playing on the shore, they spied it floating on the water, and how, when all the children had failed, they laid a wager for it, upon which he dived into the sea and came out safely with the *kambal*.

"Now, in that country *kambals* were so rare, that even kings could seldom get them. The fisherman thought to himself:—'This is a very beautiful *kambal*, but of what use can it be to a poor man like me? I will go and present it to the king.'

"So one day he took the *kambal*, and, going to the palace, made a present of it to the king. The king was certainly very much pleased with it, and asked the fisherman whence he had obtained it. The fisherman told him how, while his son and other children were playing on the seabeach, they saw it floating on the sea, and how, when all the children had failed in their attempts to get at it, his son succeeded in bringing it out. The king accepted the *kambal* at the hands of the fisherman with thanks, and rewarding him handsomely, dismissed him. Afterwards the king took the *kambal* and hung it on to his bed, but a maid-servant, who chanced to come into the room at the time, praised the *kambal* for its beauty, but said that if there two more hung up, then it would really lend beauty to the bed, and not otherwise. The king, thereupon, sent for the fisherman, and told him to order his son to fetch him two other *kambals*. The fisherman protested against the idea, saying:—'My lord, it was by sheer chance that my son got that *kambal*, and it is simply impossible to get any more.' The king, however, would not be persuaded of the impossibility of getting more *kambals*, and told the fisherman that if his son failed to bring him two more *kambals* he would forfeit his head.

"Such, my lord, was the cruelty of the king. The poor fisherman went away downhearted, thinking upon the unreasonableness of the king. He went home, and, refusing to take any food or drink, took to his bed. Now, the love of the fisherman for the prince was so great that though he was now a lad of about eight years, he used to feed him like a child. That evening, therefore, the prince missed him at supper, and asked his foster-mother why his father did not come and eat with him. She said she was unaware of the reason why he did not take supper, but, perhaps, he was unwell. The prince, however, was not satisfied with the answer of his foster-mother. So he went and asked the old man why he lay in bed, and why he did not join him at supper; but the old man said:—'Go, my child, and take your supper. I do not want any.' 'But, father,' said the prince, 'you fed me every day, and why don't you do so to-day? What is the matter with you? What misfortune has befallen you that you look so downcast, and won't touch your food? Tell me, father, all about your cares and anxieties.' The old man, thereupon, much pleased with the kind words of the prince, said:—'My dear child, the *kambal* which you found in the sea, and which I presented to the king, is the cause of misfortune to me. The king took the *kambal* and hung it upon his bed, but a maid-servant, who chanced to come into the room, said that the *kambal*, no doubt, looked very beautiful in itself, but that, to impart beauty to the bed, there were required two more. The king, therefore, wants you to fetch him two more *kambals*. I tried hard to persuade him that it was impossible to get any more *kambals*, but in vain, for he will not convince himself of the impossibility, and says that, if you fail to carry out his orders, you run the risk of forfeiting your head. We have had no children, and God gave you to us in a miraculous manner in our old age, but this cruel king wants to deprive us of you. This, my child, is the cause of my grief, and I will rather starve myself to death, than see you snatched away from me. Go, my dear boy, and take your supper.

and do not think about me.' Thus said the fisherman, and heaved a deep sigh, and shed tears in profusion.

"Upon this the prince said:—'Is this all that has caused you so much anxiety? Go and tell the king to-morrow that I promise to fetch him the *kambals*. He must, for that purpose, provide me with a ship fitted out with servants and provisions to last for several months, and also an iron chain many yards long. Then I will go and bring him the *kambals*. In the meanwhile, father, calm your fears, and get up and take your supper.'

"At these words the fisherman took courage, and, getting up, took his supper. The following morning he went to the palace and told the king that his son had offered to fetch him *kambals*, provided the king supplied him with a ship and everything else requisite for a long voyage, with provisions to last for several months, and also an iron chain several yards long. The king agreed to the conditions, and ordered a ship to be built. He engaged numerous workmen, and a job, that would take some months, was finished in about a fortnight. The ship was then manned by a number of *khalásís* and other servants, and the king did not forget to provide also a long iron chain. Provisions were also stored in the ship that would last, not for months, but for years.

"Everything was now ready, and the prince, taking a tender leave of his foster-parents, embarked on board the ship, and set sail. They went on and on for many days. When they had reached the middle of the sea, they cast anchor. The prince now hooked the iron chain to the side of the ship, and said to the *khalásís*:—'I am now going into the sea. Keep hold of the chain till you feel extra weight on it, when you must pull it up, and return home.' Thus saying, the prince descended along the chain, and disappeared under the waters.

"Did you hear, O king? Such was the cruelty of the monarch, that for the sake of two *kambals*, he was determined even to deprive the poor fisherman of a son, whom he had obtained so miraculously. Here ends my story, O king, and now let me go."

The king listened with wrapt attention, for he had now not the least particle of doubt that the story was his own. At the same time it gladdened him to find that his son was miraculously saved and was living. He wished to know more about his son, and would not believe the supposed old man that that was the end of his story.

So he begged of him to tell the whole story, saying:—"O *ájjá*, this cannot be the end of the story; do tell me the whole of it. An old man of your age must know more."

And thus he kept pressing him and begging of him to finish the story. Thereupon the supposed old man continued, saying:—

"After the prince had disappeared under the waters, he walked on and on, and came upon a beautiful country, where he saw large gardens full of fruit-trees of all sorts bent down with the weight of their fruit.

"Here he walked for a couple of hours and came upon a large but solitary mansion, furnished in a manner better imagined than described. He entered the mansion, in which he saw a damsel of unparalleled beauty, from whose mouth, as she spoke, fell *kambals*. Our hero asked her who she was and what she was doing there all by herself, for wherever he cast his eyes, outside the mansion, he could see no vestige of human beings. The damsel was at first glad to see him, and she was also enamoured of him for his beauty, but said with a sorrowful tone:—'I am the daughter of a *ráńkhas*, who has gone out in search of his prey, which consists of animals and such like things, and occasionally human beings, should any unluckily fall into his hands. I am certainly very glad to see you, but am still anxious about your safety, for should my father, the *ráńkhas*, see you, he will, without fail, make a meal of you.'

"'Then tell me where I can go or conceal myself with safety,' said the prince. The girl then said:—'See, I will transform you into a fly and put you up on the wall, where you must

remain till my father goes out again to-morrow. In the meanwhile you must be hungry; so take some food at my hands and be ready for the transformation before the *râṅkhas*, my father, comes back, which will not be very long hence.' The prince thanked her for her kindness, and being very hungry did ample justice to the dishes set before him. After this the girl transformed him into a fly and put him up on the wall.

"A little while afterwards the *râṅkhas* came home after his day's excursion, and, as was his custom, lay down to rest, while his daughter shampooed his body. As he lay there he said to his daughter: —'My dear girl, I smell the smell of a human being about the place. Are you aware of any one having come or gone this way?' In reply the girl said: — 'What makes you think of human beings being about here? Here I am, alone from one hour of the day to the other. What a silly idea this is of yours?' 'But,' said the *râṅkhas*, 'I do smell the smell of a human being; otherwise I shouldn't have said so.' The girl, however, said that she had seen no human being anywhere, and was, therefore, unaware of it. *The râṅkhas* was now quieted, and fell fast asleep.

"On the next day when the *râṅkhas* went, as usual, in search of prey, his daughter transformed the fly on the wall into its original shape, and there stood the prince before her. She then prepared some food, of which they partook together, and conversed with each other freely during the whole day. At the close of the day, when it was near the time for the *râṅkhas* to return, the girl again transformed him into a fly and stuck him up on the wall. Thus matters continued for several days.

"One day the prince told the girl to ask her father, the *râṅkhas*, in what lay his life. Accordingly, in the evening, when the *râṅkhas* returned, and she was shampooing him, she said: — 'Father, tell me in what lies your life.' The *râṅkhas* replied: — 'Why are you so anxious about knowing in what my life lies?' 'Father,' said she, 'if I am not to be anxious about your life, who should be? Every day you go in quest of food, which consists generally of animals. Should any accident occur to you, how could I know it, and what shall I do in the event of your death?' But the *râṅkhas* replied: — 'Cast off your fears and anxieties, for there is no likelihood of my ever dying. However, to calm your fears, I may tell you as regards my life, — you know the three brab-trees standing near our house. Should any person, with one stroke, cut down one of the trees, I shall get an attack of strong fever; and if he succeeds in cutting the other two trees, also with one stroke, then shall I die. So long, therefore, as the trees are safe and intact, I, too, am safe. You see, therefore, you have no cause for anxiety about my life.' He then went into sound sleep.

"The following day when the *râṅkhas* had gone out, the girl, after transforming the prince, told him everything she heard from her father concerning his life. The prince now looked about and saw the sword of the *râṅkhas* hanging on the wall. He took it down, and, after sharpening it, went where the three brab-trees stood. He first cut down, with one stroke, one of the trees. As soon as the tree was cut down a strong fever came on the *râṅkhas*, who now retraced his steps homewards, but before he could reach it, our hero, using all his strength, cut down the other two trees also with one stroke of the sword, and with the fall of the brab-trees the *râṅkhas* fell down dead.

"The prince then lived with the damsel for several days, during which he gathered plenty of the *kambals*, which dropped from her mouth every time she spoke. At last he got tired of the life in the subterraneous abode, and thought to himself that he had absented himself for rather a long time from his home and foster-parents, who must be growing anxious about him. So he determined to quit the place at the earliest opportunity, taking with him the *kambals*, which he intended presenting to the king. So he one day told the girl of his intention. The girl; however, said: —'You have killed my father, and now wish to go away, leaving me alone! What can I do here all by myself? Under whose protection shall I live? Take me with you, and we will be husband and wife, and live together happily.'

"The prince consented to take her with him and to marry her, but the difficulty was how to carry her to his house. He then hit upon the following plan. He put her into a box and carried her to where the ship was waiting. He then tied the box to the chain, but misfortune of misfortunes! as soon as the *khalâsîs* felt the weight of the box, they pulled the chain up, as instructed, and our prince, to his confusion and distress, was left behind, with little or no chance of his ever seeing his home and parents, who, he thought, must now die of grief.

"He now retraced his steps, and wandered about in the gardens, subsisting on the various fruits, which the gardens yielded in abundance. He lived in this way for many days. One day he felt himself quite fatigued; so he laid down to rest under a *pimpal*-tree.

"Now it happened that two birds, a male and a female, called *gûrûpakshâ* and *gûrûpakshîn*, had made their nest in that tree, and were in the habit of breeding there, but to their great sorrow, some wild animal or bird used to come and eat up their young ones. On the day that the prince came under the tree the *gûrûpakshîn* gave birth to two little ones, after which she and the *gûrûpakshâ* went in search of food. In their absence a huge wild bird came and was about to eat up the little ones, when our hero, seeing its cruel intention, rose up to their help, and killed their enemy. Some time afterwards the *gûrûpakshâ* and *gûrûpakshîn* returned, carrying some food in their beaks, and found, for once, their little ones alive, and proceeded to feed them, upon which the young birds said:— 'Before you feed us, tell us if you had other issue besides ourselves, or are we your first-born?' The parent-birds answered:— 'Dear little ones, we had many children born before you, but some cruel bird deprived us of them all. We are certainly astonished to find you alive; and still we cannot say for certain, how long you will be spared to us.' Upon this the young ones said:— 'We thought as much. We did see some huge bird falling upon us, and had it not been for that lad there under the tree, we, too, should have been lost to you. As soon as he saw the cruel bird trying to make a meal of us, he got up and killed it, and there lies its carcase. Go down, therefore, and first of all thank him as our deliverer. You must also try and render him any assistance that may be within your power, for he appears to be in great anxiety about something or other.'

"When the *gûrûpakshâ* and *gûrûpakshîn* heard these words, they flew down immediately, and found that what their children told them was only too true. They, therefore, thanked the prince with all their heart, and then asked him what was his trouble, that he looked so dejected and care-worn, and if they could be of any service to him in any way. The prince then told them everything: how he had come to that land in search of *kambals*; how he killed the *râkkhas*; how he packed the *râkkhas'* daughter in a box and tied it to the chain of the ship in which he came; how the chain with the box was hauled up; and how he was left behind with little or no chance of his ever getting back to his parents, which thought caused him the greatest pain and anxiety. Upon this the *gûrûpakshâ* and *gûrûpakshîn* said to him:— 'Is this all you are so anxious about? Order us and we will bear you in a short time to your home in safety. But before you go, take a little present from us. We will each give you a feather. When you wear the feather of the *gûrûpakshâ* in your turban, at any age, you will look like a person a thousand years old; again, when you wear the feather of the *gûrûpakshîn*, you will look like a lad of twelve years. Now tell us where you wish to go.'

"Upon this the prince took heart at the opportunity offered him of once more seeing his parents, and told them where he wished to be carried. The *gûrûpakshâ* and *gûrûpakshîn* then joined their wings together, and thus made a fine seat, and having seated the prince thereon, bore him in the air, and in a few moments more put him down near the fisherman's house, and went away after again thanking him for rescuing their children, and each of them gave him a feather.

"The fisherman and his wife, who were nearly blind from the effects of crying day and night at the loss of their supposed child, were taken by surprise, as they suddenly heard the prince's voice calling to them as father and mother. They were, of course, very glad to see

him, and asked him where he had been so long and what he had been doing. He thereupon related to them his adventures, from the moment he took leave of them to depart in search of *kambals* to the moment of speaking. Now that their son was back, they slowly recovered their sight as well as health, and were again themselves.

"And, here, O king, ends the story. And, now that you have heard the whole of it, do let me go."

Just then the king happened to look behind him, when, at once, our hero removed the feather of the *gûrûpakshâ* from his turban, and replaced it by that of the *gûrûpakshîn*, when lo! he appeared like a child of twelve years. When the king again turned towards him, he recognised in him his son, and folded him in his arms, saying:—"You are my son, my long lost son." The *râñkhas'* daughter, too, who was close by, also made sure that this was no other than the prince, to whom she promised to be a wife, and she too rushed into his arms, and said:—

"This is my husband, on whose account I had made a vow of twelve years."

The prince, however, said:—"No, no, I am the fisherman's son. They brought me up; I am not your son. Let me go to my parents; they must be waiting for me." But the king would on no account let him go, for he was more than sure that he was no other than his son, whose story he had just heard from his own mouth. The king then sent a palanquin to fetch the fisherman and his wife to the palace, and as a reward for their kindness in nursing and bringing up the prince, they were asked to live in the palace. The fisherman and his wife could not but accept the good offer of the king, and lived with the king and their foster-child very happily to the end of their lives. The prince was shortly afterwards married to the damsel of the subterraneous abode, and on this auspicious occasion the king feasted not only his relatives, but all his subjects for several days. The king now being very old preferred a more quiet life; so he made over the reins of government to his son, the hero of our tale, who ruled the vast kingdom with wisdom, dealing justice to all, making the welfare of his subjects his own, loved and respected by every one.[12]

FOLKLORE OF THE SGAW-KARENS.

TRANSLATED BY B. HOUGHTON, M.R.A.S., FROM THE PAPERS OF SAYA KYAW ZAN IN THE 'SA-TU-WAW.[1]

I.—How the Karen was the Eldest Son of God.

Here is written what our elders relate of the mighty things that happened in the beginning of time, in order that those who come after may hear, and hearing, understand.

See and consider these things carefully, O ye who come after! May you estimate properly how these matters happened. O fellow tribesmen, do not slumber nor sleep!

What the people of the world say is as follows:—There were three brethren and their father was God[2] (Ywâ). And the eldest of these three was the Karen, and the second

[12] [Is it not possible that the *râkshasa* is merely the meat-eating aboriginal, as distinguished from the vegetarian invader of an ancient India?—ED.]

[1] A Sgaw-Karen periodical published monthly in Rangoon at the American Baptist Mission Press.

[2] *Ywâ*. This word is used by the Missionaries to translate "God" in the Bible, and it is the word used for the deity in the curious old Karen semi-Christian traditions. My impression is that the Karens, when in high Asia, were converted by the Nestorian Missionaries, and, after the expulsion of these, have retained in a mutilated form the teachings they received from them, in addition to the old fairy-worship, which they had before their probably merely partial conversion to Christianity. If this is so, it is possible that *Ywâ* is merely a corruption of the Hebrew *Yahveh* = Jehovah in our version. I hope to produce evidence in support of this theory hereafter. The present folklore, though not older than the irruption of the Karens into Lower Burma, has, excepting one obvious interpolation (to be noted hereafter), nothing to do with Christianity.

[I am glad to see Mr. Houghton take this view, which is that I have always maintained, and it is in accord with the recent tracing back of the once supposed indigenous "Great Spirit" of the North American Indians to the teachings of 17th Century Roman Catholic Missionaries.—ED.]

was the Burman, whilst the youngest was the 'Kulâ.'[3] The Karen grew up the biggest, but, if there was any work to do or journey to make, he did not like to do it. The younger brethren did the work and the elder one oppressed them beyond measure.

After a long time the younger brethren could not endure this oppression any longer, and they went away, one to one place and one to another. They could not remain together But their father, God, thought to himself: "Cannot my children live together? I will remove a little way, and instruct them, and they will live together."

II.—How the Karens procured liquor.

Now there was a good piece of level ground near, and God made the Karen cut a clearing there, and said to him, "Clear this ground thoroughly and well, and your father will plant it nicely with wheat.

And God thought: "If I instruct my children, they will certainly again live together."

The Karen took his *dâ*[4] and axe and went at once to the level spot. And he saw that there were very many big trees (to cut), and a fit of laziness came over him, and, seeing some pleasant shade, he put down his *dâ* and axe, and slept comfortably

And one big tree was conspicuous amongst the others, but it was swollen in the middle and there was a hollow in it, in which was water. The latter, being visible, was drunk by various small birds, and those who drank it, becoming exceedingly excited and noisy, fell headlong on to the ground. But some fought and pecked each other on the tree. The excitement was entirely causeless. However, the Karen, having awaked from his sleep, looked and saw the great excitement of the birds, and said, "How is this?"

He slept no longer and went quickly to look. He climbed up the tree and saw the water that was in the hollow, and it was transparent and pure and good in his eyes. And the Karen touched it with his hands, and smelt it and tasted it. However, the Karen, not being yet stupefied, took up some more in the hollow of his hand and drank it, saying, "It is very sweet to my taste," and, having taken up and drank some more, he became aware that he was getting drunk! His heart and mind became different, and he became very brave and fierce. He descended quickly to the bottom of the tree. He became very brave until he became stupefied, after which, recovering his senses, he took up his *dâ* and axe and returned home. He then went to drink of the water of that tree every day. O friends! Thus have our elders related how the Karens first drank intoxicating liquors!

A long time then elapsed and the Lord God, his father, asked the Karen if he had finished cultivating the piece of flat ground that he had sent him to do And the Karen replied "Let my father, God, have patience with me. I will work until it is finished, and will then inform my father."

But though the Karen had thus replied, in his inmost heart he did not wish at all to do his father's business. And if his father had sent him to go and do any work whatever, he had no wish for it. He had become lazy from getting drunk from the water in the tree, and did not want to do any work However, his father said, "This son of mine is of no use at all."

And there was an orphan living with God. And God ordered him to cut down that tree, telling him to go to it by night.

And the orphan replied, "But my father, by night I cannot see, and I cannot cut at all."

And God answered, "You shall most certainly go."

Whereupon the orphan said, "I will go, but I cannot see, as it will be night."

And God said, "Come close to me"

[3] Burmese word = Barbarian or Foreigner

[4] The universal knife of Burma

And when the orphan did so, God passed the palm of his hand over the orphan's face, so that he saw as well in the night time as by day. And God instructed him to go to the level ground and look for a tree, which was bigger than the others, and to split and fell it. As soon as the orphan had cut the tree and it cracked, ready to fall, he was to run away quickly and save himself; because, if the lazy man caught him, he would be killed. And the orphan went during the night and cut that tree, so that at dawn it broke and fell. The orphan put down his axe quickly, clenched his fists and made his escape at once. But the great tree cracked, and the entire trunk split and crashed down, all the water being spilt (on the ground). When the Karen heard the noise his mind was uneasy, as he considered the crash must be that of his big tree. With an evil mind he ran quickly at once to it, and finding the liquor evaporating, he said, "If I see the man who has felled this big tree of mine, I will kill him off hand."

At this time, then, the Karen got no liquor, and was ill at ease, and he went about inquiring for some from this man and that, but no one could tell him (where to get it.) However, on his inquiring of Satan,[5] the latter asked him in reply: — "O Karen, what is it you are seeking?"

The Karen replied: — "O Satan, the sap of the tree that I used to drink was pure and clear, but now there is nothing for me to drink. Have you ever chanced to drink from such a tree?"

Satan asked, "What happens if one drinks such sap?"

The Karen answered, "O Satan, if one drinks that water, one becomes exceedingly fierce and strong."

Satan immediately got up and going to the liquor jar, filled a cup with liquor and gave it to the Karen to drink. After the latter had drunk, he addressed Satan and asked him whence he had procured it.

Satan replied, "O Karen, we know where to make that liquor."

The Karen said, "Please tell me exactly how."

Satan replied, "It is made as follows. Steep some unboiled rice in some water for a short time, and then take it again out of the pot, and pound it up with yeast powder, press it down with a lever and put it aside for seven days; then boil some rice and mix it with it. After letting it settle in water for three days you get a clear liquid, which is the one (you have drunk)."

And the Karen did carefully as Satan had instructed him, and brewed some liquor. The Karen drank it and said, "This is indeed the liquor."

He told Satan: "You have been kind to me and I will not forget you. My death I will die with you and my life I will live with you.[6]

Then his father, God, knew that his son was friendly with Satan, and, being grieved, he abandoned again the place where he had been staying.

So God, from dislike at the Karen drinking liquor, left him.

III.—How the Kulâs procured boats.

And the Lord God said, "These, my children, are no longer, of any use to me. I will return and go to another country. I will get each of my children to come and accompany me on the way."

And God arose, and going to the Karen said to him, "My child, come and accompany your father on his way."

[5] This is obviously an interpolation by the worthy Sayâ, the object being to father the introduction of drinking liquor on this personage, who is unknown in Karen tradition. Doubtless in the original story it must have been some *nâ* or *mû-ka*.

[6] *Mê θi dâ ya ka θi-ú-dâ-nì da nâ; dâ mû dä ya ka mû-kû dä nâ law.*

Now the Karen was fast asleep by the side of a liquor jar. After God had called him many times, he partially woke up and said, "I cannot go with you. Return in my old sow's trough. I have neither boat nor paddle, only this trough. Do you please go in it, my father, and he dragged the trough down to the water."

God then went and called the Burman. The latter replied, "How can I possibly go with you? Please go and call my elder brother, the Karen."

God replied, "Your elder brother also is not able to go. He only gave me a pig's trough."

The Burman replied, "You could only get the pig's trough, I will give you my paddle, to paddle it with."

So God went to the Kulâ and said to him, "My nephew,[1] please come and accompany your father."

The Kulâ replied, "My father, have nothing in which to come and accompany you."

God replied, "You *can* come. The Karen has given me his pig's trough and the Burman his paddle. Come along with your father."

The Kulâ got up quickly and followed behind God to the sea. There God grasped the paddle and got into the trough, whereupon the trough became a great ship and the paddle became its masts and sails. Then the ship started forthwith and God came to his own country.

IV.—How the writing of the Karens came to them.

God wrote Karen writing on a piece of leather, Burmese writing on a palm-leaf, and the Kulâ's (Foreigner's) writing on a piece of cloth.

And God commanded the Kulâ and said to him:—"You, my nephew, have indeed approached near to your Lord. Your father has written for you writing on cloth. But the Karen's writing is on leather, and the Burman's on a palm-leaf. Do you without fail learn your writing carefully until you understand it. Take back also the writing for the Karen and the Burman, and instruct them to learn carefully the writings, which their father has sent them."

And the Kulâ answered, "O Lord God, my father, I will do faithfully what you have commanded me."

Then he asked, "How shall I return?"

God replied, "Go into the sow's trough again and remain there. Your father will send you away."

The Kulâ went into the trough again and returned quickly. He came first to the Karen, and producing the leather scroll, gave it to him at once.

And he said to the Karen, "Our father, God, has commanded me to tell you to learn your writing carefully. Also please take back your old sow's trough." And the Karen went near to the sea, and seeing that the trough was not as before, said to the Kulâ, "My youngest brother, the trough is not as before. Your older brother no longer cares for it. If you care for it, take it back with you."

The Kulâ turned and went back to the Burman. He produced the palm-leaf with the Burmese writing on it and giving it to the Burman, commanded him, saying, "Our father has directed that you must certainly learn your writing, which is on this palm-leaf. Take back also your paddle."

[1] *Pû-dû*. Observe the altered form of address.

And the Burman replied to the Kulâ, "You will have to paddle the trough you are in with this paddle. Take it back with you."

The Kulâ went back forthwith, and, coming to his house, he arranged suitably the masts and sails of a big ship. And as the Lord God, his father, had commanded him, he studied and learnt his writing thoroughly.

And the Kulâs increased in all that is good, and right, and fair to look upon.

V.—How the Writing of the Karens was lost.

The Karen's country was very pleasant and fair, and if difficulties of any kind whatsoever, or disease, or anything else, came to him, he took medicine, but did not do anything else. And the Karens increased and became very numerous. However, the Burmans did as the Kulâ had told them, but not so the Karens. For, although the writing, which the Kulâ brought, had reached them, they took no heed of it at all, but put it on a tree-stump, and went on clearing the weeds (in their clearings), nor did they take it away when the rain came and wetted it. At eventide they took the writing, and, returning home, put it on the shelf over the hearth. And as the rice was cooked and chillies were pounded and food stirred up, many times the leathern scroll fell on to the hearth.

And after many goings to and fro, the fowls came up and scratched in the hearth, so that the leathern scroll fell down under the hut. Now the Karens were not of a mind to look after things, and they forgot about the scroll. They did not care about the scroll in the least, and saying, "We work hard and we eat. If we learn writing we shall only bother ourselves. Eating good food and drinking good liquor always suits us," they let the matter drop.

Now the Karen's old sow was under the hut and grubbed up (the ground) diligently all day long, and it grubbed about the scroll, so that it was utterly lost.

Thus the Karens never saw their writing again.

VI.—How Charcoal was first rubbed on yokes.

After a long long time the homes of the Karens became bad, and their food was bad, and even their wise men did not know how to make anything. If any forest was to be cleared, they had to go and ask the Burman for his *dâ* and axe, and if they wished to cook any food they had to ask the Burman for a pot. And behold, the Burman and the Kulâ were happy and became great. There were wise men with them and they multiplied exceedingly. But the Karens were without implements and knew not how to forge them, or how to make pots, and had to ask the Burman for everything.

However, they remembered the former times somewhat, and, resolving to turn over a new leaf, they consulted one with another, but were unable to devise anything. They said to each other, "We must instruct ourselves anew from the writing."

They asked one another for it, and at last some said, "We were weeding, when the Kulâs brought us the writing and we put it on the stump of a tree. When the rain came it got wet, and we put it on the drying shelf (over the fire,) and as we were continually pounding and scraping the food for cooking, it was shaken off and fell on to the earth. We neglected to take it up again, so when the fowls came and scratched, the writing was scratched away and fell under the hut. Then the pig came and grubbed it about, and it was utterly lost."

However, some said, "The fowl's feet when they were scratching must have trodden on and knocked against some charcoal. Let us, therefore, take the charcoal and rub it on our yokes. We will cast lots, and when they are favorable, we will unite again."

The Karens did in this manner, and so amongst all people they are distinguished as those who rub charcoal on their yokes!

FOLKTALES OF HINDUSTAN.

BY WILLIAM CROOKE, C.S.

No. 6. — Princess Fireflower.

Once upon a time there was a Rájá who had two sons, the elder of whom was married, while the younger was a bachelor. The younger prince used to come for his food to the house of his elder brother, but one day, when he asked for something to eat very early in the morning, his sister-in-law tauntingly said to him :—

"How can I get up to cook for you? If you want your breakfast so early, you had better marry the Princess Fireflower,[2] and she can do your cooking for you."

"Well! I will find Princess Fireflower," said he. And off he went on his travels in search of her.

On he went the whole day and in the evening reached the Brindaban Khakharapur[3] forest. There he found a faqír, who used to sleep for twelve years at a time and remain awake again for twelve whole years. When the Prince saw the *faqír* asleep, he began to fan him, so that he soon awoke and said :—

"Son! Thou hast done me good service. Ask now the boon that thou most desirest."

"Father!"[4] replied the Prince, "if thou wishest to do me a service, give me Princess Fireflower in search of whom I have come hither."

"My son," he answered, "ask any boon but this."

"Nay," said the Prince, "through your kindness I want naught else but her. Paramésar has given me all else I lack."

The *faqír* meditated for some time and said :—

"Well! If you long so for Princess Fireflower, I will tell you how you can win her. But mind my words, and if you disobey me it will be your ruin. I am going to turn you into a parrot.[5] Then fly to the island where Princess Fireflower lives, which is across the seven oceans.[6] This island is guarded by demons (*dêô*) and you can escape them only by watching when they are engaged in playing ball (*gênd khêltê hain*). When you reach the island pluck a flower and fly away with it in your beak. If the demons call you, do not look back. Otherwise ruin will befall you."[7]

So saying the *faqír* transformed the Prince into a parrot, and he flew across the seven oceans to the island of Princess Fireflower. Arriving there, he plucked the flower and was carrying it off in his beak, when the demons called out to him :—

"You thief! Come back and pluck one flower more. We will not hurt you."

Hearing this he turned a little back and was at once burnt to ashes.

Meanwhile the *faqír* was awaiting his return, and when he did not return in two days, he knew that disaster had befallen the Prince. He went in search of him, and when he reached the place he found only one of the tail feathers of the parrot, which had escaped the burning.

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[1] A tale told by Chhabinâth Mahtô, a Mânjhî, one of the Drâvidian races, resident of Jârôkhâr, Dudhî, Mirzâpur District, recorded by Pandit Râmgharîb Chaubê. The number of the last tale of this series, published at p. 75 ff., should have been No. 5 and not No. 4 as printed.

[2] Angârkalî Rânî, the title of the princess means "the flower of blazing charcoal."

[3] Brindaban is of course in the Mathurâ District—where Khakharapur is I do not know. It is not given in Mr Growse's list of village names in Tahsîl Mathurâ. Possibly it is merely an imaginary name.

[4] The word used is *Bâbâ*, a common way of addressing *faqírs*.

[5] For many instances of similar metamorphosis see Temple, *Wideawake Stories*, 420 sqq.: Tawney, *Kathâ Sarit Sâgara*, II. 215, &c.

[6] The *sât samundar*, or seven oceans, constantly appear in Indian folktales, see Temple, *loc. cit.* 432.

[7] For the "looking back" taboo, see Grimm, *Household Tales*, II. 400: Miss Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, 282-3, and the legends of Orpheus and Eurydice and Lot's Wife.

Over this he breathed his spells (*mantra*), and bringing the Prince to life again, returned with him to his hut. When they arrived there he said:—

"Ask me for another boon. This quest of yours is too dangerous."

The Prince replied:—

"Bâbâ! as I said before, through your kindness I lack nothing but the Princess Fireflower. Only grant me that I may find her."

"Well!" answered the *faqîr*, "if you will not heed my advice, go again to the island in the form of a crow and pluck another flower. But, take care, look not back a second time, or you will be turned to ashes and then I am helpless to serve you."

The Prince promised to obey, and in the form of a crow flew again to the island, and on reaching there, plucked a flower which he took in his beak and flew back towards the *faqîr's* hut. The guardian demons tried in vain to induce him to look back, but he would not, and came back safe to the *faqîr*.

The demons followed close behind and, standing at the door, called out:—

"Bâbâ! a thief has robbed us and entered your hut. Restore him to us at once."

Meanwhile the *faqîr* turned the Prince into a cat, and called out to the demons:—

"Come and look. There is no one here but my cat and myself. If you do not trust me, you can come in and search for yourselves."

The demons came in and looked everywhere, but when they found no one there, except the *faqîr* and the cat, they returned home. When they had gone, the *faqîr* restored the Prince again to the form of a man, and gave the prince a little red-lead box (*siqlûrdân*) and said:—"Take care not to open it till you reach your home."

The Prince started for home with the box, but when he reached close to his father's city he began to think:—

"Perhaps the *faqîr* has cheated me: and my sister-in-law will laugh at me again."

So he opened the box, and immediately a lovely girl, twelve years old,[8] came out, and so beautiful was she that the sun lost its brightness. The Prince made her sit down and was going to a well close by to draw water. She said:—"Where are you going?"

He answered:—"I am going to draw water for you and for me."

She answered:—"Do not bring water for me. If you do, I shall fall into Pâtâla. It is my task to serve you, not for you to serve me."

So she went to the well to draw water: and it so happened that at that very time the handmaid of the Râjâ came too to draw water. When she saw Princess Fireflower, she said:—

"Who are you and where are you going?"

The Princess answered:—"I am Princess Fireflower, and the Râjâ's son has brought me hither."

The handmaid said:—"Let us change our clothes and see which is the lovelier."

The Princess agreed and made over her dress and ornaments to the handmaid: and when she went to the edge of the well to draw water, the handmaid pushed her in.[9] She then filled a vessel of water and took it to the prince who said:—

"How black you have grown by walking in the sun!"

He drank the water from her hand, and, believing her to be Princess Fireflower, told her to wait there while he went to the palace.

[8] The Oriental equivalent of our "sweet seventeen."

[9] The analogy to Grimm's charming story of the "Goose Girl," No. 89 of the *Household Tales* is obvious.

When his sister-in-law saw him, she said:—

"Well! have you found Fireflower Princess?"

"She is at the well," he answered.

So he took a retinue and brought her home, and lived with her as his wife.

But a month after, a blaze, like that of a lamp, appeared over the well, and all who saw it were astonished; but whenever they went near the well the light was quenched. By-and-by this news reached the ear of the Râjâ, and he sent the Prince to see what had happened.

At break of day the Prince went to the well, and saw the place ablaze with light. So he threw himself into the water, and found there a flower bud, which he tied in his handkerchief and brought home. For many a day he kept the handkerchief carefully by him, but one day he happened to drop it in the courtyard, and his son, who had meanwhile been born of the handmaid, saw it and took it to his mother. She found the bud tied up inside, and threw it on the dunghill behind the palace.

In one night it grew into a large mango tree, and next morning the false queen saw it and fell ill of fright.

Her mother-in-law asked:—"What ails you?"

"I have fallen ill," said she, "since I have seen this mango tree. Have it cut down and I will soon recover."[10]

Her mother-in-law told this to the old Râjâ, and he sent for labourers to cut down the tree. The Prince went to his father and said:—

"To cut down a green mango tree is a sin. Let me remove it elsewhere, and the princess will not see the cause of her illness and recover."

"Be it so," said the Râjâ.

So the Prince removed the tree to his own orchard and said to his gardener:—

"When this tree fruits, let no one touch it but myself."

By-and-by the tree blossomed and bore fruit, and one of them fell on the ground. This the gardener's wife picked up and laid on a shelf to keep till the Prince should come. Meanwhile she went to buy grain and her cat knocked down the mango, and the moment it dropped, a lovely girl twelve years old stepped out of it.

When the gardener's wife returned and saw her, she was afraid, and said to the girl:—

"Stay here, but never leave the house even for a moment."

But one day she ventured into the courtyard, and the handmaid of the false queen saw her and told her mistress. The queen called the keeper of the elephants, and said:—

"Go to the gardener's house and crush the girl you will find there to dust under your elephant's feet."

When the keeper of the elephants went to kill the girl, she brought out a great club and beat them and routed all the Râjâ's elephants.

Then the queen fell ill again and her mother-in-law asked her what ailed her.

"If the heart of the gardener's daughter be not brought to me I shall die," she said.

The Râjâ sent for the gardener and his wife and ordered them to bring out their daughter.

"We have had neither chick nor child all the days we tended Your Majesty's garden. How can we give our daughter when we have none?" they answered. But the Râjâ did not

[10] So the mother is changed into a tree in the "Wonderful Birch," Lang, *Red Fairy Book*, 123 sqq.

believe them and had their house searched, and finding the girl delivered her over to the executioner.[11]

They were about to kill her in the forest, when an old Ḍom said to the others :—

"What is the good of killing such a pretty girl for the sake of a few rupees. Let us spare her life and reach paradise (*swarga*); even if we kill her, the Râjâ won't give us his *râj* for our trouble. Let us kill a goat and take its heart to the queen and she will be cured."[12] The others obeyed his words and spared the life of the girl. When they took the goat's heart to the queen, she recovered at once.

The Princess Fireflower then went on to Brindaban Khakharapur, and there with her hand she struck four blows upon the earth, when a splendid palace appeared and there she lived. She kept several parrots and used to amuse herself by teaching them to say 'Râm! Râm'![13]

A long time after the old Râjâ and his son, the Prince, came into the forest to hunt, and being thirsty came to the palace for water and the Princess entertained them hospitably. At night they slept in the portico, and early in the morning, while they were half-asleep, the parrots began to talk to each other, and they told how the Prince had brought Princess Fireflower, and how the handmaid had cheated him, and became queen, and how the life of the Princess had been saved, and how she had come to the palace.[14]

At this the Râja and the Prince were much astonished, and going at once to the Princess Fireflower, asked her if all this was true. She began to shed tears and told them the whole story from beginning to end. They brought her home in triumph.

Then the Râjâ had a deep pit dug and buried the false queen alive. The Prince and Princess Fireflower lived happily ever after, and the Râjâ became a Sannyâsî *faqîr* and made over his kingdom to them.

As Paramêsar overruled the fate of Princess Fireflower, so may he do to all of us.[15]

FROG-WORSHIP AMONGST THE NEWARS, WITH A NOTE ON THE ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD 'NEPAL.'

BY A. L. WADDELL, M.B., M. R. A. S.

In his work on Nêpâl,[1] Dr. (Buchanan-) Hamilton incidentally noted that **the Nêwârs worship frogs.** I have ascertained some interesting details of this worship.

The Nêwârs are the aborigines of Nêpâl Proper, that is, of the valley in which the present capital Khâṭmâṇḍû stands; and their present tribal name appears to be of territorial origin. **The etymology of the word Nêpâl** seems to me to be thus accounted for:—The whole of the hill territory of the Gôrkhâs is called by the Non-Hinduized hillmen of the Himâlayas

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[11] The word in the original is Ḍom, the most degraded caste, who act as executioners.

[12] This, it need hardly be said, is a stock folktale incident.

[13] The common form of invocation and salutation, constantly taught to parrots.

[14] These guardian, friendly parrots appear in many of the tales as *dei ex machinâ*: see *The Wonderful Ring* in Temple's *Wideawake Stories*, 205.

[15] This is the common refrain of the rustic story teller. [This tale is interesting as to the following points. It exhibits the spread of the belief in the wonder-working "saint:" see *Legends of the Panjâb*, index, *s. vv.* miracle and metamorphosis, for a large number of instances. This wonder-working saint is a counterpart of the wonder-working devil (*bhûta*) of Southern India, as will be seen by comparing the tales about to be published in this *Journal*, under the title of the "Devil-worship of the Tuḷuvas," with those in the *Legends of the Panjâb*. It also exhibits the wide-spread idea of the "substituted person": see indices to *Wide-awake Stories* and *Legends of the Panjâb*, *s. v.* And it exhibits strongly the anthropomorphic nature of the folk-tale parrot: see *Legends of the Panjâb*, index, *s. v.* parrot, and especially Vol. I. p. 354, where the parrot is a holy personage versed in the Four *Vêdas!* For a number of variants of the tale as a whole see remarks on the Egg-hero in *Wide-awake Stories*, p. 399 f.—ED.].

[1] *An Account of the Kingdom of Nepal*, &c., by Francis Hamilton, M.D., F.R.S., &c., Edinburgh, 1819.

and the Tibetans Pâl[2]; and the original name of this section of the Pâl country, which contained the home of the Nêwârs, seems to have been **Nê**, while the people were hence called by the Hindus **Nêwâr, or "Inhabitants of Nê."** Eastern Nêpâl, as well as Sikkim, is still called **Nê** by the Lepcha autochthones, and the Lepchas interpret the word as meaning **the place of Caves for shelter or residence.** *Né* in most of the cognate tribal dialects of the Indo-Chinese —to whom, I find,[3] both Nêwârs and Lepchas belong—means 'residence;' the same root also appears with similar meaning in the Tibeto-Burman group; and in Lamaism[4] it is usually restricted to sacred caves and other sacred spots and shrines. It was very probably used in a similar sense by the pre-Lamaist Nêwârs, who were the originators of the so-called Nepalese form of Buddhism, and early gave up the greater portion of their original language for a Sanskritized speech. Some of the Nêwârs are still Buddhists under the title of Baudhamârgîs or followers of the Buddhist path, but the vast majority, as is well-known, have lately followed the fashion set by their Gôrkhâ rulers of adopting the externals of Hinduism and call themselves Saivamârgîs or 'followers of the Siva path.'[5] **Now the chief Buddhist nês or shrines in the Cis-Himalâyas of any antiquity** *viz.*, the Kashar[6] and Sambhunâth *stûpas*, **are all situated in the valley (Nêpâl Proper) of the Pâl country.** Thus the word 'Nêpâl' seems to mean the Nê (*i. e.*, 'the residence, or head-quarters,' or 'the shrine') of the Pâl country, and is so distinguished from the adjoining Nê country of the Lepchas.

The frog is worshipped by the Nêwârs, not as a tribal totem, but in its supposed capacity of an amphibious (water and earth) divinity subordinate to the Nâga demi-gods, and **associated with the latter in the production and control of rain and water-supply,** on the sufficiency of which the welfare of the crops depends. This elevation of so insignificant an animal as the frog to the dignity of an assistant to the Nâgas, is all the more curious in view of the fact that frogs form the chief prey of the hooded cobra—the prototype of the Nâga. But the Nêwârs justify their worship of the frog by pointing to the sympathetic and intimate relation of the frog with water, and saying that frogs, although terrestrial animals, are only found in moist localities, and herald by their appearance and croaking[7] the onset of the rains. They are also found especially at springs, and also on digging deep down into the bowels of the earth, where lies, according to the Nêwârs, the primary store of water. It is interesting to note here that frogs are also worshipped by the Japanese in the Kiûshiû marshes as metempsychosed heroes.[8]

Frog-worship is performed by the Nêwârs at a different season and place from that required for the Nâgas. The Nâgas, of whom the Nêwârs consider Karkôta[9] the greatest, are worshipped on the fifth day (Nâgpañchamî) of the month of Sâwan (July) at the commencement of the rainy season, when the Nâgas (water-dragons) are thundering in the sky. The site for the worship is selected by preference at a place where four or five streams meet. A Nêwâr priest is needed for this ceremony. On the morning of the eventful day, the priest ceremonially washes his face and hands and collects the following offerings, namely:—whole rice, vermillion for making the *ṭîká* mark of beauty on the forehead, milk mixed with an equal bulk of water, rice-flour and water, flowers, *ghi* and butter, *jaiphal* spice, sandalwood

[2] Which in Tibetan means 'wool.' It is doubtful, however, whether the name was really intended to mean 'the *wool*-country,' for sheep are equally plentiful across the Himâlayas.

[3] The leading results of these observations I hope shortly to publish.

[4] Spelt in Tibetan *gnas*,—but pronounced *né*.

[5] [See Sir R. Temple's and R. C. Temple's *Hyderabad, Kashmir, Sikkim and Nepal*, Vol. II. p. 231.—Ed.]

[6] *Vide* an account of this *stûpa* by the present writer in the *Proceedings of the Bengal Asiatic Society* for December 1892.

[7] *Bhêng*, the vernacular word for frog, is an onomatopoetic attempt at reproducing the frog's call.

[8] Satow in Murray's *Handbook to Central and Northern Japan*, 1884.

[9] The pre-eminence thus given to Karkôta is evidently due to his being considered the tutelary Nâga of the lacustrine valley of Khâṭmâṇḍû, which traditionally was formerly a vast lake reclaimed for the use of man by the saint Mañjûsri cutting the southern bank, and the escaping water was thus named the Bhâgmatî or 'the fleeing one'—the present name of the river.

and *sâl*[10] resin incense. The priest deposits these articles in the midst of a plate of water, in the above-named order, ignites the incense and spice which occupy the top of the pile, and then chants the following short prayer:—"Hail Paramêśvara Nâgarâja, Paramount King of Nâgas, "and ye Nine Nâgas![11] I pray you to receive these offerings and to bless us and our crops."

Frog-worship, on the other hand, is performed on the seventh day of the month of Kârtik (October), and usually at a pool, which is known to be frequented by frogs; although it is not essential to the efficacy of the rite that a frog be actually seen at the time of performing the ceremony. For this service also a Nêwâr priest is necessary, who, after careful ablution of face and hands, places in five brazen bowls a dole consisting respectively of rice, flowers, milk and vermillion, *ghî* and incense, and water. Lighting the pile of *ghî* and incense the priest says: "Hail Paramêśvara Bhûmînâtha! I pray you receive these offerings and to send timely rain, and bless our crops!"

The title of Paramêśvara is given to the Nâgas, Frogs and all the other Nêwâr divinities; but Bhûmînâtha, 'Lord or Protector of the Soil,' is specially reserved for the Frog. Owing to its sacred character, the Frog is held by the Newârs in special reverence, and every care is taken not to molest or injure it. But despite its semi-divine nature the Nêwârs, like other Buddhists, believe that the frog, as well as the Nâga, is within the cycle of re-births.

THE TRADITIONAL MIGRATION OF THE SANTAL TRIBE.

BY L. A. WADDELL, M.B., M. R. A. S.

It seems to me that the current story preserved by the **Santâls, or Saontârs,**[1] **of their advance from Ahîrî or Ahîrî-pîprî, viâ Chhai and Champâ,** to their present location is manifestly a record of actual tribal progress, not, as is usually believed, from one part of the Hazârîbâgh Hills to another — where indeed there could have been practically no Hindu pressure exercised, — but from the central alluvial valley of the Gangos south-westwards to the hills, under pressure of the Aryan invasion of the valley from the north. For, in this part of the Gangetic valley, I find ancient territorial names in keeping with this story of migration.

Moreover, the names of the Hazârîbâgh *pargaṇas*, which have been indentified with certain of these legendary lands, present many difficulties in the way of their acceptance in interpretation of the story, even as a record of recent hill-migration. Ahîrî could never become corrupted into Aḥûriâ, or *vice versâ*. The Chhai *pargaṇa* of Hazârîbâgh is a remote hilly tract, from which there could have been no desire on the part of the earlier Hindus to dispossess the Santâls. Besides, the greater part of it is still under primitive forest, uncultivated, and in the occupation of the Santâls. The name is more likely to be a transplantation to their new home of their old country name, from a desire to retain the old home associations, such as is observable in colonists of all nationalities. The Champâ *pargaṇa* of Hazâribâgh is situated on the high central plateau occupied by the semi-aboriginal Uṛâons and Mûndâs, who seem to be the autochthones of that area, and to which location it is generally believed the Santâl tribe never penetrated.

The tracts, which I would identify with those of the story, are the following. The Ahîr, or herdsman-tribe, was the dominant race in the Bihâr section of the Gangetic valley in the later pre-historic period. **The Ahîrî-country extended from about Benares eastwards to the Kusî river,** and lay mainly to the north of the Ganges. The greatest stronghold latterly of the Ahîrs and Gwâlâs was at Hardî in the Darbhaṅgâ District, where their heroic chief Lôrik is

[10] *Shorea robusta.*

[11] The Nine Nâgarâjas are usually given as (1) Ananta, (2) Vâsuki, (3) Karkôta, (4) Padma, (5) Mahâpadma, (6) Kulika, (7) Takshaka, (8) Śâṅkhya, and (9) Battu.

[1] [Saontâl seems to be the correct spelling.—ED.

now worshipped as a god, and his exploits still sung by the Gwâlâs and Ahîrs of Bihâr and Northern Bengal. This Hardîgaṛh may, in fact, be the Haraduttie and Hurredgarhi of Col. Dalton's version of the legend.[2]

Pîprî is a very common village name all over Bihâr ;[3] but a well-known pre-Aryan settlement named Pîprî exists near the south bank of the Ganges near Chunâr, and was figured by Mr. Nesfield in the *Calcutta Review* for January 1888 in connection with his article on the semi-aboriginal Mushêrâs, or Musâhars. It was originally a stronghold of the Chêrôs, who were dispossessed by the Ahîrs under Lôrik. And this is very probably the Ahîrî-pîpî of the Santâl story; but it would be worth while enquiring from Mr. Grierson, or some other correspondent well-acquainted with the Trans-Gahgetic portion of North Bihâr, whether there be another famous Pîprî thereabouts, near Hardî, specially associated with Lôrik and his Ahîrs.

Chhai is the old *pargaṇa* of that name, in the modern Bhâgalpur District, 489 square miles in extent, south of the Ahîrî stronghold of Hardî and bordering the Ganges. From its *jhâl*-traversed aspect it was probably in those days a *dôâb*, or an island, between the Ganges and the combined Gaṇḍak and Ghagrâ rivers.

Directly opposite Chhai, across the Ganges to the south, is the old kingdom of **Champâ**, now generally corresponding to the Cis-Gangetic portion of the modern district of Bhâgalpur. Champâ was one of the earliest Hindu settlements in the lower valley of the Ganges — according to Hiuen Tsiang's account it " was one of the first cities founded in Jambudvîpa,"—and it was still the name of the country at the time of Fa Hian and Hiuen Tsiang's visits in the 5th and 7th centuries A. D. It now survives in the name of the old section of Bâhgalpur town, which is called Champânagar and Champâpurî. The "Khairâgaṛh" of Col. Dalton's version, and one of the recorded pass-words of the tribe, is evidently the fortified hill of Khêriyâ about twelve miles south-west of Champânagar, and an outlier of the Hazârîbâgh section of the Vindhya range.

The Santâl story also tells us that when "the Hindus drove them out of Champâ they (the Santâls) established themselves in **Saont**," whence they have derived their present tribal name. The migration here referred to was evidently southwards into the adjoining hilly tract, extending from Southern Champâ, through the eastern part of the Hazârîbâgh District, to the borders of Midnâpur District and the Upper Damuda Valley, in the south of which is said to be situated the village, or land, of Saont, though its exact situation does not seem to be known.

It may be worth considering, however, whether this name of Saont is not really related to their holy hill of **Sãêt Sikar** (the scene of the Jina Pârśvanâtha's *nirvâṇa* and therefore also called by his name), towering high above their holy river, the Damuda.[4] Sãêt is the Sanskritized form in which the name has been fixed in the earlier Hindu books. Saût may, therefore, not impossibly be the original name of their holy hill, which is in the very centre of their modern location. In this hilly tract, centring around Sãêt Sikar, the tribe remained, hemmed in more and more by Bengali encroachments till quite recent times, when Government interference rendered it possible for the tribe to re-emerge on to the skirts of the Ganges Valley.

Their deified mountain **Marang Buru**, or 'the Great Hill,' is distinctly specified in Colonel Dalton's version to have been encountered *after* the expulsion of the tribe from Champâ, and it is also stated to have been the god of the Mûndâs, whom the Santâls found already in occupation of the Hazârîbâgh plateau. This pre-eminent hill must surely have been the graceful mountain of Sãêt Sikar (Parasnâth)—the culminating peak of this portion of the Vindhya range, and these savage refugees naturally worshipped the hills which sheltered them

[2] Dalton's *Ethnology of Bengal*, p. 207 ff.

[3] It means the village 'of the *pîpal* tree' (*Ficus religiosa*).

[4] *Damuda* is a Santâlî word meaning 'the Home Water or Home-River.' The Brahmaṇs have Sanskritized it into *Dâmôdar*, the only word in their mythology to which it bore any resemblance; and as Dâmôdar is a title of the god Kṛishṇa, this river is now held by Hindus to be Kṛishṇa himself!

securely from their Hindu enemies. Their other god's name **Môrêkô**, may be the Môrêkâ River, which traverses this area and whose course is beset by numerous hot springs, still worshipped by the aborigines. These in the winter mornings belch forth great clouds of sulphurous steam, marking their site from afar.

I have no doubt that the other minor names of the story, and most of the fort-names which enter into the tribal pass-words, will be found still current as territorial names, or in the traditions of the Ahîrs and Gwâlâs, if only searched for in the tracts here indicated.

It will also be noticed that such a progress of the tribe, as that herein indicated, takes them from the base of the Himâlayas to their present location, thus accounting for the 'Turanian' element in their speech.[5]

MISCELLANEA.

SOME DATES IN THE CHALUKYA-VIKRAMA-KALA.

The **Western Châlukya king Vikramâditya VI.** sought to supersede the use of the Śaka era by an era which was named after himself the **Châlukya-Vikrama-kâla** and **Châlukya-Vikrama-varsha**, and the first year of which was the first year of his own reign, *viz.* the Anala or Nala *saṁvatsara*, Śaka-Samvat 999 current, = A. D. 1076-77.

According to Sir Walter Elliot's *Carṇâṭaka-Dêśa Inscriptions*, Vol. I. p. 255, the earliest date in this era is one of Chaitra kṛishṇa 5, in the first year of it, contained in an inscription, which does not refer itself to any particular reign, at the temple of Kadambêśvara at **Araḷêshwar** in the Hângal Tâlukâ, Dhârwâr District. Prof. Kielhorn has recently calculated this date; with the result that the details, as taken by him, do not work out correctly (page 1 0 above, No. 2). He took them, however, from the reading which I myself gave (*ante*, Vol. VIII. p. 190, No. 4), from the transcript in the *Elliot Collection*. And I now find, from an ink-impression, that the record is dated, as plainly as could possibly be, — not in the first year of the era, as represented by Sir Walter Elliot's copyist, — but in the sixty-first year of it. The original has — śrîmach-Châḷukya-Vikrama-kâlada 61ney=Anaḷa-saṁvatsarada Chaitra-bahuḷa-paṁchamî-Maṁgaḷavâra-Mêśa-(sha)-saṁkrânti-vyatipâtad-amdu. And these details work out quite correctly. The year is Śaka-Saṁvat 1059 current. By Prof. Keru Lakshman Chhatre's tables, the given *tithi* ended at about 21 *gh.* 10 *p.*, = 8 hrs. 28 min., after mean sunrise (for Bombay), on **Tuesday, 24th March, A. D. 1136.** And the Mêsha-saṁkrântî occurred, while that *tithi* was current, at about 56 *ghaṭis*, = 22 hrs. 24 min., on the Monday, and, on account of the lateness of the hour, would be celebrated on the **Tuesday.**

This date is, in reality, one of a few which shew that an attempt was made to continue the era after the end of the reign of Vikramâditya VI.

These dates may be divided into two classes :—

A. — Some of them shew simply a continuation of the **Châlukya-Vikrama-kâla.** To this class belongs the Araḷêshwar date, mentioned above. And other instances are to be found in this Journal, Vol. VIII. p. 193, Nos. 37 to 39, and 41 to 43.

Of these, Nos. 41, 42, and 43, of the sixty-first, eighty-fourth, and ninety-fourth years, are already verified.[1] And I can now verify No. 37.

[5] [I have referred this article to Mr. Grierson, who seems to disagree with Dr. Waddell. He writes :—"I know of no Pipri in North Bihâr. There is said to have been a Pipri and a Hardi in Gayâ, but they are mythical and solely due to the desire which each Bihâr district has of appropriating Lôrik to itself. Hardi is really in Baliâ. I should say that the Ahîrs were more common in South Bihâr. I do not remember any place called Hardi in Darbhaṅgâ, but it is twelve years since I was there. Lôrik is not much known east of the Gaṇḍak. The story is essentially Western Gaṇḍak and South Gangetic. Shâhâbâd and Gayâ are full of it. So also are Sâran, Baliâ and Benares. The favorite Darbhaṅgâ legend is the Dusâdh one of Salhês. There will be a good Ahîr legend of South Bihâr in the articles now being printed on Tul'sî Dâs."—ED.]

[1] I mean, to the extent of shewing that the records really exist. The point whether the details work out correctly, is not of present importance. — I think that, as a matter of fact, the majority of these dates will not work out correctly. But, as Prof. Kielhorn has indicated (page 111 above), this is the case with many of the dates of this period. And the records containing them are not necessarily to be stamped as not genuine on that account. — From more ample experience of the work of Sir Walter Elliot's copyist, I consider it waste of time and trouble to calculate dates, the details of which depend solely on his transcripts. His versions may be true and correct in the majority of cases. But I have come across too many instances in which he has taken liberties with the texts of the originals.

This record, at the temple of Râmêśvara at Hirê-Muddanûr in the Nizâm's Dominions (*Elliot MS. Collection*, Vol. I. p. 700), really does refer itself to the reign of Bhûlôka-Sômêśvara III., and belongs to his fourth year; but it is, nevertheless, dated (from an ink-impression)—śrîmach-Châḷukya-Vikrama-varshada 54neya Saumya-saṁvatsarada Pushya-su(śu)-12-Sôma-vârad-aṁdin=uttarâyana-saṁkrânti-parbba(rvva)-nimittadiṁ. The year is Śaka-Saṁvat 1052 current.

And I can add the following five instances:—

In an inscription on a pillar at the temple of Virûpâksha at **Kurtakôṭi** in the Gadag Tâlukâ, Dhârwâr District, which does not refer itself to any particular reign, the date (from an ink-impression) runs — śrîmach-Châḷukya-Vikrama-kâlada Sa(śa)ka-varsha 1048neya Parâbhava-saṁvatsarada Jyêshthad=amavâsye Sômavâra sûryya-grahaṇada tat-kâlikadoḷ. The year is Śaka-Saṁvat 1048 expired,— the first year of the reign of Sômêśvara III. It is also the fifty-first year of the Châlukya-Vikrama-kâla; but the writer of the record, though apparently intending to quote this fifty-first year, omitted after all to do so.

Another inscription at **Araḷêshwar**, on the *makara-tôraṇa* of the temple of Kadambêśvara, which does not refer itself to any particular reign (*Elliot MS. Collection*, Vol. II. p. 594), contains two dates. The first of them is in the Vibhava *saṁvatsara*, the thirteenth year of the Châlukya-Vikrama-kâla. The second, not fully transcribed by Sir Walter Elliot's copyist, runs (from an ink-impression) — [śrîma*]ch-Châḷukya-Vikrama-kâlada 52neya Plavaṁga-saṁvatsarada Vaiśâkha-suda-(*read* śuddha)-10-Bri(bṛi)havârad-aṁdu. The year is Śaka-Saṁvat 1050 current, — the second year of the reign of Sômêśvara III.

In an inscription which is now stored in the Kachêri at **Lakshmêshwar**, within the limits of the Dhârwâr District, the date of a supplementary record, which does not formally refer itself to any particular reign, runs (from an ink-impression) — śrîmach-Châḷukya-Bhûlôkamalla-varshada 53neya Kîlaka-saṁvatsarada Śrâvana-su(śu)ddha-paṁchamî-Âdivâraṁ sôma-grahaṇad-aṁdu.[2] Here two things are mixed up, — the fifty-third year of the Châlukya-Vikrama-kâla, and the third year of the reign of Bhûlôkamalla-Sômêśvara III. The year is Śaka-Saṁvat 1051 current.

An inscription, which does not refer itself to any particular reign or reigns, on a beam in the *madhyaraṅga* of the temple of Sarvêśvara at Narêgal in the Hângal Tâlukâ, Dhârwâr District, contains two dates. The first is in the month Pausha of the Viśvâvasu *saṁvatsara*, which was, and is quoted as, the fiftieth year of the Châlukya-Vikrama-varsha. The second (from an ink-impression) runs — 55neya Sâdhârana-saṁvat-sarada śrâheyoḷ; the words *Châḷukya-Vikrama-varshada* are intended to be supplied from the first date. The year is Śaka-Saṁvat 1053 current, — the fifth year of the reign of Sômêśvara III.

And a third inscription at **Araḷêshwar**, on a pillar in front of the gateway of the temple of Kadambêśvara (*Elliot MS. Collection*, Vol. II. p. 601; where, however, the year and *saṁvatsara* are not given, and *Pushya* is given instead of *Jêshṭa*), contains two dates, of which the first (from an ink-impression) runs — 60neya Râkshasa-saṁvatsarada Jêshṭa-(*read* Jyêshṭha)-sudhdha(*read* śuddha)-punnami-Sômavârad-aṁdu. The record does not refer itself to any particular reign. And the words *Châḷukya-Vikrama-kâlada* or °*varshada* were omitted by the writer. But there can be no doubt that the year is the sixtieth year of the Châlukya-Vikrama-kâla, which was the Râkshasa *saṁvatsara*, Śaka-Saṁvat 1058 current, and the tenth year of the reign of Sômêśvara III.[3]

With these records we may also class an inscription on a stone built into a *maṇḍapa* at the Mûlasthânêśvara temple at Nâdeṇḍla in the Narasarâvupêṭa Tâlukâ of the Kistna District, Madras Presidency. It does not refer itself to any particular reign. But the date (from an ink-impression, which reached me from Dr. Hultzsch after the rest of this note was written) runs — śrîmach-Châḷukya-Vikrama-varsha 2neya Plavaṁga-saṁvatsara Bhâdrapada su(śu) 1 Bri(bṛi)-havâra. Here, — unless °*Vikrama*° is a mistake for °*Bhûlôkamalla*°, which seems, on the whole, not so probable as the other alternative, though the writer very possibly had also the second year of Bhûlôkamalla running in his mind, — *2neya* is

[2] The eclipse, of course, did not occur on the specified *tithi*.

[3] The second date in this record is — 15neya Khara-saṁvatsara[da*] Chaitra-su(śu)-5-Sômavârad-amdu. Here, there is no reference to any particular reign; but the Khara *saṁvatsara* must be Śaka-Saṁvat 1094 current, which was the fifteenth year, — or properly the sixteenth, — in the reckoning of the Kaḷachurya king Bijjala. And it is possible that the whole record was put on the stone at that time. — In this second date, Sir Walter Elliot's copyist has given *16neya*, instead of the *15neya* which the original has.

a mistake for *52neya*; the Plavaṁga *saṁvatsara* was Śaka-Saṁvat 1050 current,—the second year of the reign of Sômêśvara III.

B.—The dates of the second class shew an imaginary continuation of the reign itself of Vikramâditya VI., as well as a continuation of the era.

Of this there is an indisputable instance in the inscription on a stone lying on the road on the north of Kyâsanûr in the Hângal Tâlukâ, Dhârwâr District (*Elliot MS. Collection*, Vol. I. p. 636; and *ante*, Vol. VIII. p 193, No. 40). The preamble contains the words *śrîmat-[T°]ribhuvanamalladêvara vijaya-râjyam=uttar-ôttar-âbhivriddhi-*(read °*vriddhi*)*-pravarddhamânam=âchandr-ârkka-târaṁ baraṁ saluttam·ire*, which do expressly refer it to the reign of Vikramâditya VI. But, as regards the date, the words *Châlukya-Vikrama-śakha* (sic), which I gave when I first noticed this date, are a pure invention of Sir Walter Elliot's copyist. What the original really has is (from an ink-impression) simply — aivat-êṭeneya (*read* aivatt-êleneya) Paridhâvi-saṁvachcha(tsa)rada Chaitra-sudhda-(*read* śuddha)-paṁchamî-Brêhaśpati(*read* Bṛihaspati)vârad-aṁdu. The *saṁvatsara* was the fifty-seventh year of the Châlukya-Vikrama-kâla, and the seventh year of the reign of Sômêśvara III. And the year is Śaka-Saṁvat 1055 current.

And there is another equally clear instance in an inscription near the large tank at Hunagund in the Bankâpur Tâlukâ, Dhârwâr District. The preamble refers the record, in just the same way, to the reign of Vikramâditya VI But the actual date (from an ink-impresion) is — śrîmach-Châlukya-Bhûlôkamalla-varshada 3neya Saumya-saṁvatsa . . . . . spativâramum=uttarâyana-saṁkramaṇa-vyatîpâtam kûḍida punya-tithiyoḷ. The year is Śaka-Saṁvat 1052 current, — which was properly the fourth, not the third, year of Sômêśvara III.

If reliance may be placed on the transcripts, the following records also, though dated in years which fall within the reign of Sômêśvara III., similarly refer themselves to the reign of Vikramâditya VI.:—An inscription at the temple of Bhôgêśvara at Gobbûr in the Raichûr Tâlukâ, Nizâm's Dominions, dated in the fifty-second year, the Plavaṁga *saṁvatsara*, in the month Jyêshṭha falling in A D 1127 (*Elliot MS. Collection*, Vol. I. p. 623); an inscription at the temple of Hanumanta at Kânâpur in the Kôlhâpur territory, dated in the fifty-fourth year, the Saumya *saṁvatsara*, in Vaiśâkha falling in A D 1129 (*ibid.* p. 627); an inscription at the temple of Kallêśvara at Narêgal in the Rôṇ Tâlukâ, Dhârwâr District, dated in the month Pausha of the same *saṁvatsara*, coupled, not with the fifty-fourth year of the Châlukya-Vikrama-kâla, but with Śaka-Saṁvat 1051 (expired) (*ibid.* p. 630); and an inscription at the temple of Saṁkaralinga at Kurtakôṭi in the Gadag Tâlukâ, Dhârwâr District, dated in the Paridhâvin *saṁvatsara*, coupled, not with the fifty-seventh year of the Châlukya-Vikrama-kâla, but with Śaka-Saṁvat 1054 (expired) (*ibid.* p. 638) As regards these records, however, I have to remark (1) that I cannot make out such a date in the ink-impression, which I have seen, of the Kurtakôti inscription; and (2) that, whereas the *Elliot MS. Collection*, Vol I p. 626, represents an inscription at Lakshmêshwar as similarly referring itself to the reign of Vikramâditya VI., and as being dated in the fifty-second year, the Plavaṁga *saṁvatsara*, I find, from an ink-impression, that the original refers itself, as plainly as could possibly be, to the reign of Vîra-Sômêśvara IV., and that the Plavaṁga *saṁvatsara* is mentioned as the second year of his reign.

It may be useful, to give here the latest date, known to me, that is undoubtedly attributable to the actual reign of Vikramâditya VI. There are several records dated in his fiftieth year, the Viśvâvasu *saṁvatsara*, which was Śaka-Saṁvat 1048 current. And the latest of them is an inscription at the temple of Sarvêśvara at Narêgal in the Hângal Tâlukâ, Dhârwâr District (*Elliot MS Collection*, Vol. I. p. 613). The name of the reigning king, in the preamble, is illegible; but there is no doubt that the *biruda* Tribhuvanamalladêva stood there, in the usual manner. And the date (from an ink-impression) runs — śrîmach-Châḷukya-Vikrama-varsha[da°] 50neya Viśvâvasu-saṁvatsarada Mâgha-sudhdha-(*read* śuddha)-saptamî-Sômavârad-aṁdu samasta-punya-tithi-galo . . . . . The date does not work out satisfactorily. Thus:—The year is Śaka-Saṁvat 1048 current. And the given *tithi* ended at about 2 *ghaṭis*, 5 *palas*, = 50 minutes, after mean sunrise, on Sunday, 3rd January, A. D 1126; and so it cannot be connected with the Monday at all. This is the more remarkable, because, though the *aksharas* are now illegible, the *tithi* was evidently described as an emphatically auspicious one; in consequence of which, one would imagine, special care would be taken to compute all the details accurately. Still, there is nothing else in the record, to lead to its being looked upon as not genuine.

J. F. FLEET.

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